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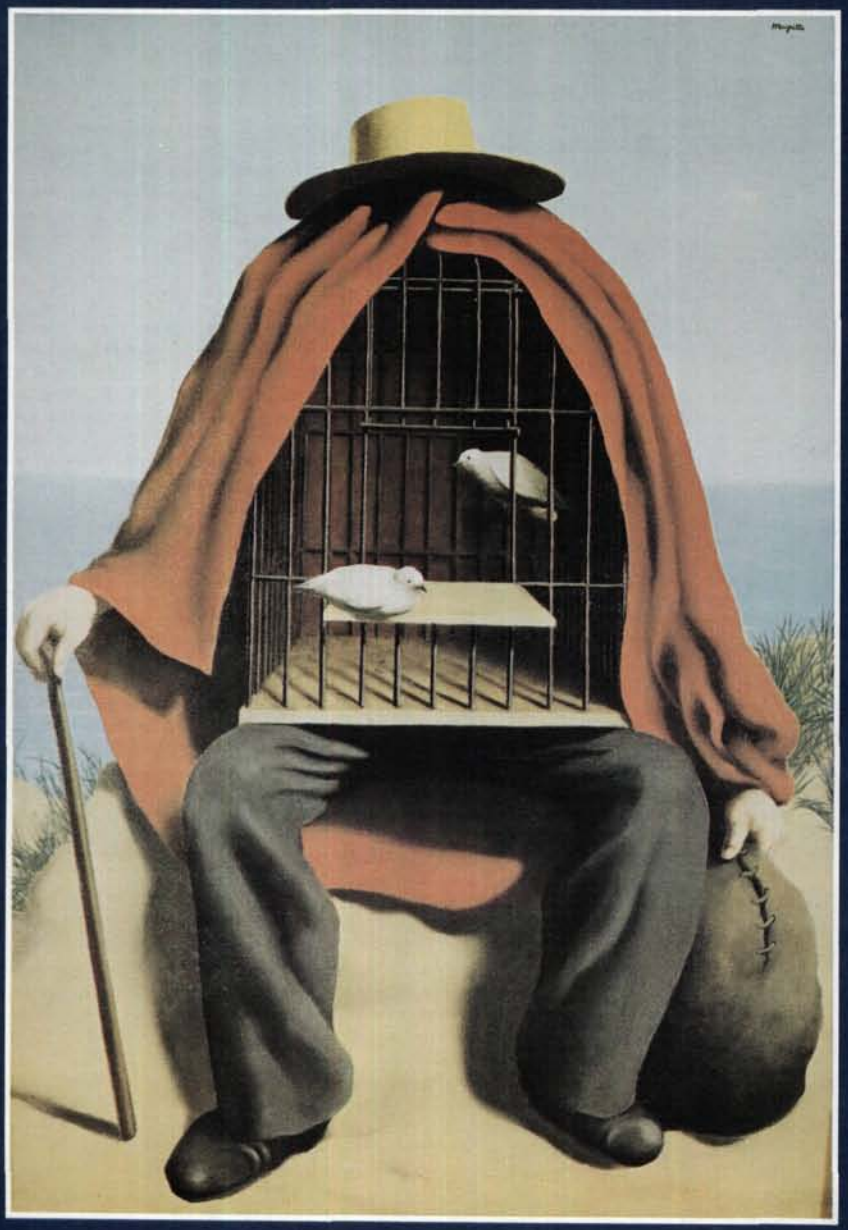

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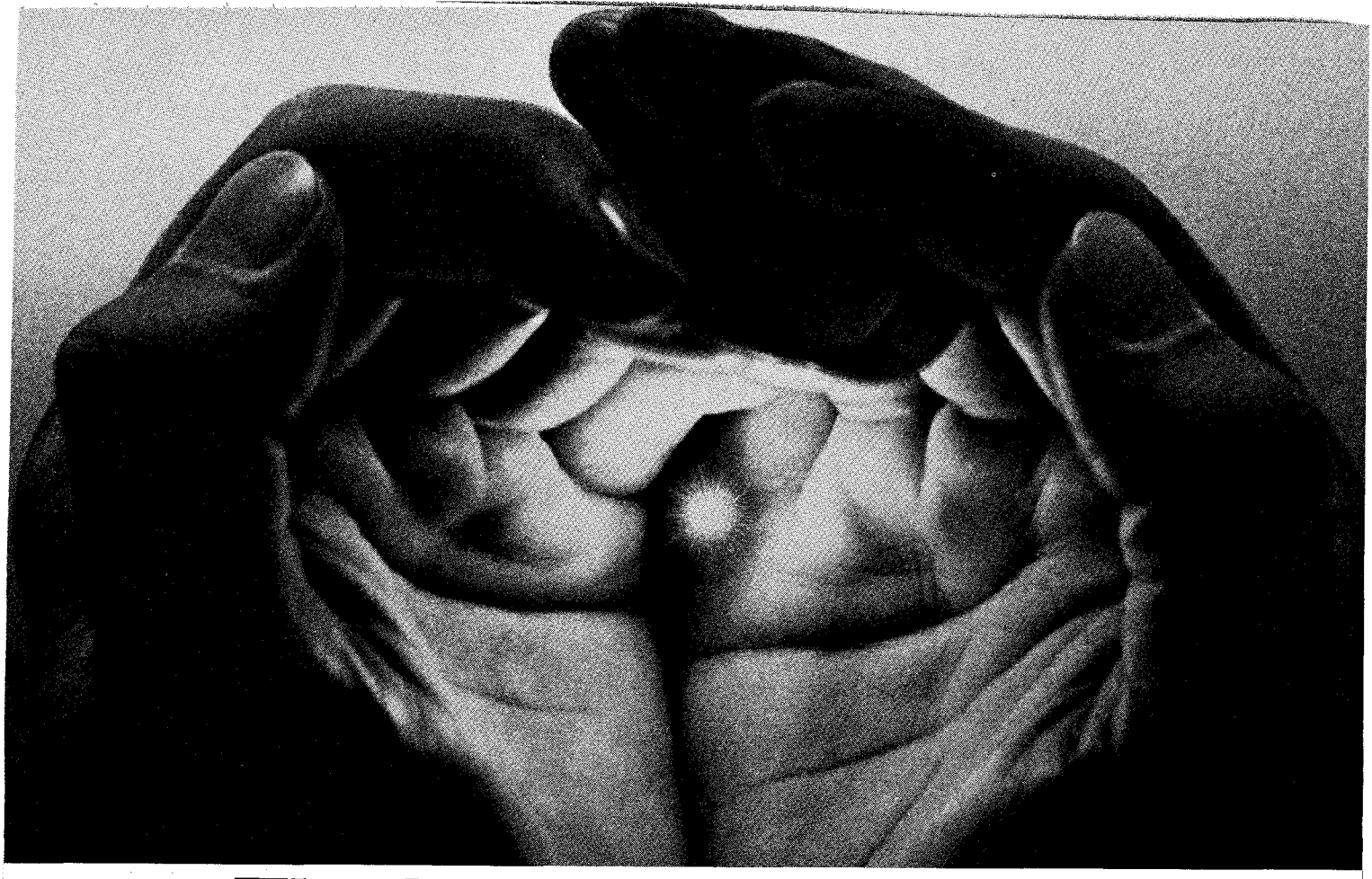

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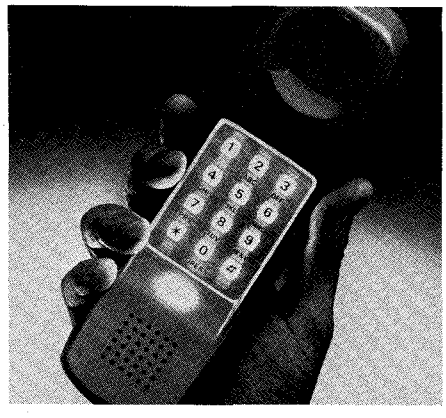

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TRB

from Washington
August 5 & 12, 1978

The Big Picture

What's the big picture in Washington? The big picture is that it's harder and harder to know who's in charge and who's governing us. It's a discouraging period when Congress is demonstrating again that it's not a body capable of constructive leadership; a period when the two-party system has all but broken down; a period in the periodic US cycle between strong White House and strong Congress when the Congress is up and the White House is down. Also, a period of grave national problems, none of which is quite urgent enough for the president to assert himself completely, and for the public to rally around him as they always instinctively will in a big emergency.

Yes, and there's another point, too. Up until recently it has seemed that President Carter might pull off a 1948-style Harry Truman political recovery. (No reporter who was in Washington then will ever forget it; practically every weekly magazine in the country and every column—including TRB—came out with a post-election story written in advance telling what "President" Dewey would do . . . And there was little Harry with a big grin holding up the early edition of the Chicago Tribune, saying "DEWEY WINS!".) The recent papers have told about Carter's sinking polls—down to 44 percent by Gallup. They were down for Truman, too, the only difference being that after the same period in office Truman's rating was down to 32 percent.

The one thing that a president must have in office, though, is the trust of the public and the belief that, in spite of everything, he is decent and working hard for them. Carter has had that and it is a vital underdog asset. The incident of health policy adviser Dr. Peter Bourne damages it, however. Bourne was expendable, and the White House got rid of him fast for a false drug prescription—in contrast to Bert Lance. But in departure Bourne casually told a reporter there was "a high incidence" of marijuana and occasional cocaine use in the White House staff. Now this is impermissible. A shocked Carter reacted strongly. The use of pot is one thing. But hard drugs? In the White House staff? I find the charge next to incredible.

Carter seems to be taking on Congress more and more publicly. The English observer Harold Laski wrote, "No democracy in the modern world can afford a scheme of government the basis of which is the inherent right of the legislature to paralyze the executive power." Laski was writing about the American system where, at periodic intervals, the legislature has asserted itself and nearly always with unhappy results. It did so against Andrew Johnson; again in the Grant, Hayes, Garfield era; there was congressional government under Harding-Coolidge that helped give us the Depression; and now here it is struggling back again. It is a reaction, of course, to the rise of the so-called "imperial president" which began with FDR and reached a climax with Nixon. Books of the past 40 years about the presidency mention the trend and, in recent years, warn against it. What a reversal in four years. Now there is near-paralysis in parts of the government. We don't want Nixon back, but somebody must run things and Congress can't.

Take excerpts from Carter's latest press conference. He threatens to veto the millionaires' relief bill that Congress is flirting with. The Carter civil service reform? The House committee has made "some very adverse attachments to the bill . . . a crucial element of my attempt to control the bureaucracy . . . the American people and I demand that something be done."

How about oil? "I put it [the energy package] to the Congress 15 months ago. . . . I still hope and believe that the Congress will take action."

National health reform? "I can't think of anything that Congress could do that would benefit consumers more than to pass the hospital cost-containment bill . . . which the Commerce Committee in the House voted down, or gutted. This will cost the American consumers over the next five years $56 billion in unnecessary health care costs . . . an extraordinary and unnecessary burden on the American people. But the Congress Commerce Committee was not able to deal with it."

A question about inflation. The president reviews what he's done and is trying to do. "Someone's got to control it"; he says; "it's got to be a partnership between the American people, the Congress and myself. I'm doing all I can." Nobody asked about the $2.4 billion nuclear carrier that Congress proposes which Carter will veto.

There's a funny parallel between Carter and President Eisenhower. At the close of Congress, September 1959, Ike condemned its "extravagance and legislative excesses," its moves that made "most difficult the maintenance of confidence both at home and abroad in our determination to manage our financial affairs soundly," its "shortsightedness," "a return to programs discredited long ago." "The majority in Congress seems to find it difficult to wean itself from the pork barrel," Ike said. "Congress distorted the shape of the budget in many respects." It sounds like Ike—even to that mixed metaphor about weaning an infant from a pork barrel. But the Congress Ike attacked in 1959 was a hostile Congress of the opposite party; the one Carter is wrestling with is two-to-one Democratic. Congress in 1959 was trying to get the negative Eisenhower to act; today the president is trying to get Congress to act. This is a fascinating period for students of the American government with its quaint separated powers, so unlike Canada's, let's say. Woodrow Wilson said of it, "Authority is perplexingly subdivided and distributed, and responsibility has to be hunted down in out-of-the-way corners." In some degree Congress is treating Carter as though he were a lame duck president—an executive with minimum patronage and authority.

Congress represents a conglomerate of special interests; the presidency, in theory at least, represents all the people. A weak president is a gift to the conservatives. Look at today's tax battle. Back in 1969 the nation learned that 155 people with incomes of $200,000 or more paid no income tax at all. Congress enacted a minimum catch-all tax to end the abuse. Now there's a big drive in Congress to dismantle the reform, and to lower capital gains taxes. The nation is short of investment capital, it is explained, and the affluent can best supply it. Carter is fighting the change.

It reminds me of a theory advanced by an English visitor, Mrs. Trollope, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans" in the 1830s. America could never produce great art, she announced calmly, because it was short of a leisure class to encourage it. It was a "trickle down" theory of a different sort: a comforting rationale for the English aristocracy.

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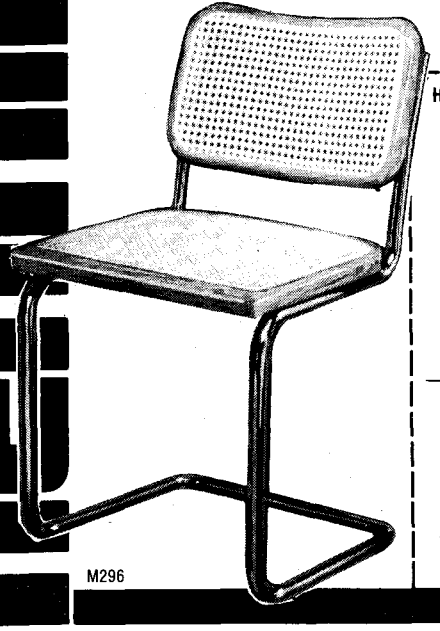

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 5 & 12, 1978

Feudalism on Capitol Hill

This administration has a remarkable record. Almost everything it proposes turns to ashes. Even the Japanese are complaining, in most undiplomatic style. According to a report in *The New York Times*, the chief economic planner of Japan, Kiichi Miyazawa, recently accused President Carter of "inadequate leadership," then complained that Congress was "dragging its feet" on passage of the energy bill and finished by attacking Carter's economic advisers as inept. The Germans have said as much before.

The same confusion and indecision can be found in America's domestic policy. Most of the reform projects the president launched after moving into the White House have now become mired in congressional or bureaucratic mud. The list of wrecks is impressive. The energy program has spent 15 months being launched and is still in danger of going under. Welfare reform is lodged in committee muck and moving very slowly. The labor law reform bill, which ran into a business-inspired filibuster in the Senate, has been withdrawn from the floor, perhaps forever. Within the last couple of weeks, the administration lost major battles over its plans to reform the civil service system, to put a ceiling on the inflation of hospital costs and to reform the federal tax code. The specific circumstances of failure were different. But there is a common theme in all. Each of these reforms required that Congress deny the demands of one or more organized segment of the electorate in the interest of promoting the common good. In none of the cases has Congress worked up the courage to do so. It has shuffled and stalled and pored over the bills, but it has not found much that it likes.

This deliberative process, it is said, ensures that whatever is done is done democratically. Every voice is heard. No one gets trampled in the stampede to please the president. This method is supposed to produce a hard decision that everyone will accept because it winnows out all the special interests and saves only the national interest. But the system has operated in the last two years not to ensure that the national interest prevails, but to see to it that no private interest is offended. As each lobby group is accommodated in turn, Congress whittles away at the legislation until, bit by bit, it has removed most of the substance. In the end, when the work is ready for passage, it no longer represents a decision at all. Rather it has become a bland statement of intent, thickly woven with exemptions for the disadvantaged and padded with subsidies for the elect.

Consider how this process dealt with two recent proposals. The civil service reform bill was to have been Carter's master plan for revitalizing the bureaucracy, representing the fulfillment of his promise to cut the Washington establishment down to size. The chief opponents were the federal employees' unions and the military veterans' associations. The former zeroed in on the House committee that was drafting a bill; the latter on the Senate committee. Both were successful in getting something they wanted. The combination of the two—if both are included in the final bill—would so weaken the "reform" as to make it unworthy of the name.

A second plan, the hospital cost control bill, was designed to limit every hospital in the country to an annual revenue increase of no more than nine percent—a generous allowance. Even the administration agreed that this was a crude approach, but it seemed better than allowing inflation to glide along at a rate of 15 percent a year, as it has been. The Senate subcommittee working on the bill was hostile from the start. The administration hoped for strong support in the House. But the hope collapsed on July 18 when the House subcommittee decided to substitute a voluntary cost-restraint program of its own design. The health care lobbies—the American Hospital Association, the Federation of American Hospitals and the American

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Medical Association—worked long and hard to accomplish this result. Their opposition had been anticipated. What had not been foreseen was that the AFL-CIO also would oppose the bill. It did so because it feared that the bill would be used to freeze the wages of hospital workers. A compromise was arranged, but it didn't bring about labor's active support, nor did it save the bill. Two subcommittee chairmen whom the administration counted on to get the bill passed—Democrats Dan Rostenkowski and Paul Rogers—told *Congressional Quarterly* that "one of its biggest problems . . . was the absence of clear benefits that could have created a constituency for it."

That describes Carter's problems succinctly. He must try to wring national programs from a Congress that is determined to think in parochial terms. The committeemen who write the bills are especially vulnerable to hometown pressures, and often they owe their positions of influence to the support of the very groups that come under their legislative jurisdiction. (Rostenkowski, chairman of the Ways and Means subcommittee on health, comes from Chicago, home of the AMA and the AHA.) Congressmen can be persuaded to override local interests for national reforms, but only if the circumstances are right.

It is easiest, of course, if the unsavory reform is sweetened with some compensating rewards for the local electorate. There were rumors, for example, that the administration offered to build a veterans' hospital and delay closing a military base or two in districts of some of the undecided congressmen. These offers, if they were made, apparently weren't good enough. Parochial interests also can be overcome if some other, more powerful pressure group can be enlisted in the cause. Then it does the hard work of defending the congressman for his courageous stand. Unfortunately for the president, the hospital cost control bill had no such organized friends.

Why is it that this president can enlist neither Congress nor the organized groups in his causes? Part of the reason is the answer that congressmen and their aides usually offer: Carter doesn't seem to know how to make alliances, to persuade, to compromise or make a deal. When Carter arrived in Washington, he lacked both charm and political skill. He came only with a sack full of campaign promises. These were quickly cooked up into reform bills during his first year in office by people with as little experience in government as Carter himself had. The proposals that came out were pure in theory but not marketable to other politicians. The other politicians are the second part of the problem. Many of these reforms offend the interests of the same local barons and congressmen the president must rely upon to carry his causes on Capitol Hill and in the districts. They are not not interested in broad national reforms. They want to survive the next election, and they intend to do so by sitting very still.

And politics and paraquat.

Pot, Privacy and Power

The White House Drug Scandal is a summer delight, both in general and in its rich variety of satisfying particulars. It's hard to know whether to be more grateful for Dr. Peter Bourne's assertion that by fraudulently obtaining a restricted drug for his assistant he was protecting her future as a drug-enforcement official, or President Carter's refusal to answer questions about Bourne on the grounds that to do so might interfere with the investigation, or Hamilton Jordan's request for diet pills, or Senator Orrin Hatch's declaration that Bourne "has done more harm than any public official in the history of government," or the media effort (unsuccessful as of this writing) to find somebody who'd actually smoked dope *in the White House.* Senator Howard Baker's charming demand for a Justice Department investigation of the White House staff offers hope that the parade of folly will not end soon.

There's no need to take seriously the complaints of White House employees that the current pleasure drug "witch hunt" violates their privacy, or the concern expressed by responsible opinion makers that this kind of exposure discourages talented people from public service. There are two obvious reasons why a person would want to work in the White House. One is an ignoble wish for personal glory, the other is a potentially noble desire to interfere in other people's lives. (A third, I suppose, is the extravagant salaries, which might be important if you have a fondness for cocaine.) Neither motivation can be easily snuffed out by the threats of a bit of embarrassing publicity, and both undermine any stuffy insistence on personal privacy. Anyone who witnessed the White House job scramble 18 months ago can testify that few successful combatants are the sort who would let an excessive concern for personal dignity interfere with their aspirations to public service.

The screaming about privacy really is an attempt to revive and expand the conspiracy of silence between Washington reporters and newsmakers concerning sex and drinking habits. The traditional argument was that these matters were none of the public's business. But of course the real reason politicians wanted them kept out of the papers was that the public would think it *was* their business. No politician is likely to object to a published report—however intimate and detailed—about his blameless family life. Indeed much effort goes into promulgating, and even fabricating, such information. But the information that a married politician is cheating on his wife can be politically damaging. Constituents are not likely to find the argument that journalists all do

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Moynihan for president

To the editors:

If I understand Mr. Kondracke's summation of the Moynihan for president stirrings, he is acknowledging Moynihan's great wisdom, but deploring his impetuosity, an arrangement of character which Mr. Kondracke allows may be ideal for the Senate, but would be disastrous for the White House.

Mr. Kondracke's own cautious comments seem still another indication of the enigmatic conscience of the liberal. On the one hand one hears a continuing call for courageous, unequivocal statements on the nation's goals and purposes, not only at home, but goals that might help us to assess our place in the world order. But on the other hand, there is always the phobic avoidance at being all that clear.

Does Mr. Kondracke prefer the cloudy rhetoric of a Jimmy Carter who only this morning protested the Soviet Union's violation of human rights while in the same breath he advised against taking any countermeasures?

Are firmness of statement and resoluteness of purpose the monopolies of reactionary spokesmen and hence made evil in the mouths of liberals?

Charles Ansell
Encino, California

Home Rule

To the editors:

Nicholas von Hoffman, in his sour attack on our fledgling Home Rule government here in the nation's capital ("DC's Post-Colonial Era," *TNR*, July 1), has missed the point. Instead, he's taken up the cudgels for old Colonel Blimp, who never believed the natives of any colony were capable of self-government. The point von Hoffman overlooked is the fundamental right of citizens in a democracy to be represented in their national government by representatives accountable to them. The 700,000 of us who live in Washington, DC, having been denied that right for 200 years, are asking citizens in the 50 states who elect their own national legislators to stand up for democracy in the nation's capital.

We are now on the brink of having the right to elect our own Senate and House members. The constitutional amendment, H.J. Res. 554, which passed the House of Representatives in March, is now ready to be called up for a vote by the Senate. When this amendment is approved by the Senate and ratified by 38 states, DC residents will no longer be forced to endure taxation without representation, conscription without voice in our international affairs, and the absence of a vote in a Congress which also governs much of our local affairs.

Mr. von Hoffman is right in one respect: our status here is ignoble!

Joseph L. Rauh Jr.
Treasurer
Self-Determination for D.C.

Going sour

To the editors:

Your Washington Diarist (July 8 & 15), having nothing in particular to say, uses his column to make a few sour comments about Carter. Whatever the precise sources of his irritation with the administration, his words are emblematic of the relationship between American liberals and a president who has proposed as much liberal legislation during his first two years in office as any president since Roosevelt. No other president has had the nerve to introduce genuinely progressive reforms in income and social security taxes, or the first improvements in labor law since the Wagner Act, or an energy policy designed to put money back into the pockets of all Americans, not merely those who own energy-company stock.

This may not sound like much when compared with what needs to be done, but Carter is also running an enormous budget deficit during an economic recovery, and spending more on education, employment programs and the cities at a time when the country is in a conservative mood. In foreign policy the record looks even better, for Carter has avoided Kennedy's insistence upon a military-style confrontation with the Soviets and Johnson's hysteria about presumed Soviet surrogates in the third world. He has gained no political credit at all from the left for his decision to shelve the B-1 bomber and neutron bomb.

A Congress full of wealthy men, reading mixed symbols from the electorate, has sabotaged most of his proposals, but that is not his fault. The fault lies rather with blacks who criticize a president who spends record sums on employment programs, labor leaders who insult a president who suffered a humiliating congressional defeat on their behalf, and eastern liberals who simply cannot stand to see a Baptist and a southerner in the White House.

Carter has remained remarkably calm in the face of bitter criticism not only from the right, but from those who should be supporting him. But he will continue to suffer defeats in Congress until liberals, blacks, and the unions begin to publicly support him and put pressure on Congress to do the same. Ineffective presidential lobbying is not the main difficulty. A politically inexperienced president needs all the more political support from those on the left who are more interested in policy than personalities, who wish to see a national health insurance program and a SALT agreement enacted, and who do not care whether or not liberal policies are wrapped in the rhetoric of Camelot.

Jeffrey Cox
Iowa City, Iowa

He plays a mean sax

To the editors:

We wholeheartedly agree, with one exception, with Stanley Kauffmann's review of *Heaven Can Wait* (*TNR*, July 8 & 15). Mr. Kauffmann should brush up on his knowledge of the woodwind family of musical instruments. Warren Beatty's metallic tootle stick was a soprano saxophone, not a clarinet. Beatty's sax may have been confused by Mr. Kauffmann with the clarinet employed in much the same manner by Woody Allen in *Sleeper* a few years ago. Allen's skill on the similar instrument is, of course, beyond compare.

Douglass T. Davidoff
Amy E. Curtis
Columbus, Ohio

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it too as convincing as journalists find it. The Sex and Booze Understanding was an agreement between politicians and journalists based on the arrogant assumption that they knew better than the general public what matters were relevant to the political debate. The understanding held that a bit of organized hypocrisy was justified as a way to prevent the public from making political decisions based on information that politicians and journalists believed should be irrelevant. Now that the Understanding is breaking down, it's apparent that the Washington types underestimated the tolerance of their constituents and readers for human frailty as it relates to sex and drink. It's almost reached the point where a confession of alcoholism can be recommended as a campaign ploy.

These twin themes of arrogance and hypocrisy provide a high moral justification for treating ourselves to another poke through the ashes of the Bourne story. Certainly Bourne's original explanation of why he wrote a Quaalude prescription for his assistant, and used a fake name, reeked of both. He said she had come to him complaining of difficulty sleeping. He did not refer her to the White House physician. Nor did he suggest she visit her own doctor. Presumably he did not examine her there in the office, or take a medical history. With nothing more than her request to go on, he wrote her a prescription for a powerful sedative that is closely regulated precisely because it is too casually prescribed and often misused. One of the amusing things about Bourne's official statements is the way his narrative transforms Ellen Metsky from "one of my employees" into "the patient" in the space of less than a sentence, the moment she asks for some pills. This is not what the drug authorities had in mind when they made Quaalude a tightly controlled prescription drug.

The reason he gave "the patient" a fake name on the prescription, Bourne said, was to protect her confidentiality, and to avoid any stigma or career risk that might attach to a record of having taken a registered drug or been treated by a psychiatrist. There are two things wrong with this story. The first is that it is implausible. The information that a person once took a sedative under a proper doctor's prescription cannot damage her career in 1978. Did Dr. Bourne or his assistant really believe otherwise? Anyone who is this paranoid really should be seeing a psychiatrist.

The second problem with Bourne's story is that all the elements, if true, should have been of direct concern to him as the president's adviser on health and drug policy, yet he seems to have done nothing about them except to break the law in order to protect his own staff member. If the taking of medically necessary drugs can cause an indelible stigma, if private prescription information is routinely falling into the wrong hands and being misused, if the appropriate solution to this problem—false name prescriptions—is against the law, I would be sorry to think that the main contribution of the White House drug policy staff to the solution of these dilemmas was to exempt itself from them.

Judging from Bourne's previous lack of interest in these issues, and his reputation for intelligence, I think he was dissembling about his reasons for breaking the law to get Quaalude for his assistant. I think he simply believed that it should not be necessary for an assistant to Dr. Peter Bourne, special assistant to the president for drug policy, to suffer the inconveniences that government drug policy imposes on everybody else.

Bourne contended that even though his Quaalude prescription for his assistant was not improper in any way, he feared that "hardliners in the Drug Enforcement Administration" who "are highly displeased with my approach to the subject" could make it appear so, and use it to do him in. This is an appealing contention; nobody loves a hardliner. In the event, though, it was not the DEA hardliners but the softliners of the pro-marijuana lobby who did Bourne in. He probably could have survived the Quaalude episode, but the allegation that he had attended a party given by the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), and accepted party favors, was fatal. This episode seems to have been brought to the attention of the press by the NORML people themselves, who were rightly bitter about Bourne's continuing endorsement of US government involvement in the spraying of paraquat poison on Mexican marijuana that ends up in the United States. Bourne's parting gift to his friend President Carter was telling the press that marijuana use is widespread among White House staff members, and some also use cocaine.

There are several ironies to appreciate here. NORML's method of torpedoing Bourne was like a mafia cliché: felling an errant politician by revealing his links with organized crime. The party was attended by several White House officials and several reporters, including at least three from *The Washington Post*, yet the Understanding held airtight until the Quaalude episode precipitated Bourne's fall from grace. (There were 600 people at this party, but the hard stuff was kept in an upstairs room reserved for bigshots like White House aides and *Washington Post* reporters.) If some White House aides have developed the cocaine habit, it is their high incomes that enable them to buy it and their high influence that enables them to occasionally get it for free.

The tastiest irony, of course, is Bourne's indulging in an illegal activity he was hired and paid to stamp out. Let us savor this one. Bourne has been adamant in his refusal to sympathize with people who might suffer permanent lung damage by smoking Mexican marijuana laced with paraquat. "If the risk exists the guy still has the option not to smoke the grass to begin with," he told *The New Republic* ("Poisoned Marijuana," *TNR*, March 18). Mexican marijuana tends to be the cheaper stuff. Americans who can afford cocaine are more likely to purchase marijuana from more exotic locations,

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where their government's poisoning program hasn't reached yet. On the larger question of the legal status of marijuana use, Bourne favors what is known as decriminalization. This would make it lawful for White House aides and others to possess and consume marijuana, while keeping it illegal for less attractive underclass types to smuggle the stuff in and sell it to them. This is an increasingly popular option, but the logic and justice of it escape me.

After the two antisocial extremes of automobile behavior—parking and speeding—marijuana smoking is probably the most common form of lawbreaking in the country today. It is hard to justify breaking a law that represents society's consensus, even a foolish consensus, for no better reason than transient personal pleasure. I suppose most people don't even try to justify it. Perhaps it's enough to point out that flesh is weak, and that respect for the consensus must always be strong enough to survive a few deviations around the fringes. Many people took up dope smoking during the Vietnam era, when both respect for the consensus and the hypothesis that government authority represents that consensus were undermined. Perhaps people feel that the general exercise of good citizenship entitles them to the occasional harmless dispensation. Not to be coy, I feel that way.

But somehow it seems different when the dope smokers themselves are part of the government authority. If they feel that a government law or policy that intrudes on people's lives is unwarranted, they are in a good position to do something about it. To break the law without trying to change it, or at least expressing disagreement with it, inevitably suggests an attitude that those who make the rules don't have to follow them. Part of the reason marijuana has not been legalized long ago is this combination of arrogance and hypocrisy on the part of those in a position to put legalization on the public agenda. They think the voters are Neanderthals who don't share their sophisticated understanding of such matters, and they are able and willing to continue their own habits anyway without the sanction of law.

I have never seen anyone who works in the White House, or any other Washington power center, smoke marijuana. But I know some of these people from my college days, and many more whom I don't know come from the same or similar cultural milieus. It would be incredible if there weren't a large number who smoke marijuana at least occasionally. What's remarkable, thinking back to those days, is not that so many still smoke dope, but rather how similar they are in every other respect to their predecessors in positions of authority who did not. None that I know of has put his or her career at risk by publicly insisting that the paraquat program should be curtailed or that marijuana should be legalized. Instead, the traditional Washington processes—the Understanding with the press, the favors of lobbyists—are simply being adjusted to take account of a new vice in town. And a younger set of public officials learns to assert authority by day and flout it by night. This process is depressing to watch. Things were supposed to be different when the dope-smoking generation took power.

Michael Kinsley

A celebration of chance.

Stray Seeds

I didn't plant it; nobody knows how it got to our garden. Its seed anchored itself underneath a railroad tie, and the vine it sprouted sneaked past towering tomato plants and reached as far as the fence. Each of its trumpet-like, cream-colored flowers bloomed for a day, then turned into a plump fruit that grew with astonishing haste. And what a surprise: not a lowly squash or a humdrum watermelon, but a golden cantaloupe with a sweet perfume! The best I have ever tasted.

Perhaps I exaggerate. The garden is the natural habitat of the hyperbole; excess is the law of the good earth. Besides, I admit having wanted a surprise. I was ready to be taken in by a stray plant that I had not planned for.

I am the sedentary son of a traveling salesman, and I often think of the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew and other brooding pilgrims who cannot find peace in any harbor. As I looked at the coarse, hairy vine, I remembered that the stranger at the gate may turn out to be the sultan, Harun al-Rashid, in disguise, or a princess stolen as a child by Gypsies. Isn't it the waif, the foundling, the newcomer both innocent and cunning who rescues the kingdom, marries the king's daughter and inherits the throne?

The stray seed repeats Creation: life from nothing, purpose unknown. It is a gift with no return address, a messenger on a secret assignment, a UFO in the backyard. We miss the happy hazard of things. Running into a childhood friend on a New York street humanizes a crowd. A coincidence makes our day.

We bow to the authority of the manager. Perfection is his presumption, scientific methodology his excuse. He knows all about systems, and "functional" is his highest praise. He factors everything in; he arrays his variables in a phalanx. We need caprice and happenstance to scramble the pieces of his grand design, to unhinge the blueprint. We should not resist the illumination of an idle thought; its ambush reminds us of the disorder we suppress within and without. The What If lightens the burden of the Ought To Be; the dysfunctional has its revenge.

The stray releases us from the prison of the

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predictable. It redeems the order that is imposed by reason and experience. Without it, routine is forever, and there can be no miracle. The stray cannot be replicated. It evades capture in timeframes and by indices; it defeats the statistician who tries to account for it.

Let us celebrate the stray as the ambassador plenipotentiary of chance. And chance is the better gardener.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

White House Watch

After the Summit

At a briefing session for reporters in Washington, nine days before President Carter met at the fourth economic summit conference in Bonn with heads of state and government from Canada, Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan, a White House assistant who under the rules of the occasion may be identified only as an "administration official" gave some wise advice. "I think," the official said, "we have learned something about how to judge summit successes and failures, which is not to look to the communique so much as to what happens in the six to twelve months that follow. I don't think a brilliant communique means we have had a successful summit or a lackluster one means we have had a failure. The reality is what happens. Do we have effective follow-through? Are things different because of the summit over the longer term than they would have been? I emphasize the longer term because we are dealing with long-term structural problems. No meeting is going to change the character of those problems overnight."

A fortnight earlier an official preparing for the conference had been quite willing to describe his criteria for success at the summit—success, that is, particularly from the President's standpoint. "First, the President would say what the Europeans and the Japanese want him to say about his intentions to limit oil imports, either by administrative action or by legislative action. Second, the Germans and the Japanese would announce their intentions to take some additional stimulus in order to increase growth. Third, all the countries would agree on more forthcoming trade policies." The outcome satisfied all of the criteria in some degree. Carter said what the others wanted him to say about reducing US oil consumption and imports and thus reducing the imbalances in world trading and monetary markets that endangered all of their economies. The Germans and Japanese promised some expansion of their economies and markets for other countries' goods. Separate negotiations for "more forthcoming trade policies" fell short of pre-summit expectations but some progress and some hope of concluding an improved, worldwide trading code by mid-December were claimed. For Americans, though, the most intriguing development was the enthusiasm with which the President, the previously quoted Washington briefer and every other US official and spokesman connected with the conference ignored the briefer's advice to wait and see "what happens." One and all, they declared the Bonn summit a success for the world and especially for Jimmy Carter. He said at the closing ceremony, "The results have exceeded the expectations of all of us," and to reporters on his plane flying home, "It was a successful summit, better than we anticipated." Some of his advisers decided while still in Bonn to schedule a prime-time televised news conference the week of his return. It was intended to sustain the lift that they were sure the appearance of success at the summit had given his hitherto declining reputation for domestic and world leadership.

American officials who observed Carter in action at the conference gave the following account and explanation of what they considered to be his most impressive accomplishment in Bonn. It was convincing the other conferees that after 15 months of failure to get his national energy program adopted by Congress he will have that program or an equivalent in place and working by the end of this year. One gathers from the American officials that German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Carter set the scene for the accomplishment during the two days of discussion and reconciliation they had together before the summit conference opened. Schmidt suggested at the first session on Sunday morning, July 16, that it be devoted to general issues and their relationship. That gave Carter, one of the first speakers after Schmidt, an opportunity to discuss the relationship between economic growth policies and energy policies. He and the others had been forewarned by Schmidt that the German rate of growth would be increased, as Carter wanted, only if Carter convinced the group that he could and would reduce oil imports and the enormous deficit in US world payments that resulted in part from the imports. Carter also had been forewarned that he would probably be attacked for the prolonged failure to get a national energy program enacted. Schmidt's morning agenda gave Carter his chance to lay out his energy program early, aggressively, on the offensive before anyone put him on the defensive. He explained both the politics of his energy problem and the substance of his energy program "comprehensively and convincingly." It seemed to one American observer, naturally making

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the best case for Carter, that Schmidt and President Giscard of France, perhaps the most skeptical of the conferees, were discernibly impressed by the force and cogency of Carter's presentation. "I think they were convinced," this official said, "that the fellow was serious, that he had a good program and that he was really going to get it."

How could that be? Every other leader at the conference knew that Congress seemed determined to deny Carter the well-head tax that he counted upon to raise the price of domestic oil to the world price level—the device that he relied chiefly upon to reduce energy consumption—and also seemed likely to revoke his power to impose oil import fees if he didn't get his tax. The answer was threefold. First, Carter in dealing with such people as his counterparts at the summit is more impressive, more assured, more successful than he is in dealing with domestic adversaries and other figures, politicians of his own party included. It was said to be true last year at Carter's first summit in London—an occasion he tends to diminish now, in order to build up the appearance of success at Bonn—and true at Bonn. Second, the other leaders wanted desperately to be convinced by Carter, so important to them and to their economies is a solution to the US energy and oil import problem. Third, they understood that their acceptance of his assurances and their assertion of confidence in him might strengthen his hand with Congress and so improve the chances for an adequate US energy program. As an American briefer at the close of the summit confessed, the paragraph in the communique asserting acceptance of Carter's assurances was "rather artfully worded." Indeed it was: "The US will have in place by the end of the year a comprehensive policy framework within which this effort [to reduce oil imports] can be urgently carried forward," it read in part. The briefer said, "It reflects, above all, the President's determination to get the essential features of his energy program." What if he didn't get what he wanted and has very little chance of getting out of Congress? The briefer answered: "It was clearly the conclusion that the President intended to get it done. And he did not feel compelled to detail exactly how he might go about that." My impression and information are that the President has no firm alternatives formulated for use in the event Congress refuses him the legislation and denies him the authority he must have to keep the promises he made in Bonn.

The claim of success rests in part upon the supposition that Carter's performance persuaded Schmidt of Germany and Fukuda of Japan to promise to expand their economies and their markets for American and other exports. The modest increase in the German rate of growth (about six billion dollars or one percent of gross national product, to be achieved mainly by a tax cut) was assumed in Germany to be likely before the summit occurred. Schmidt had to sell the added stimulus and the form it may take to his minority associates in the coalition government. Carter's performance, with its impact upon the other conferees, presumably helped the Chancellor to do so. Fukuda's intention to raise Japan's annual rate of growth to seven percent and to restrict the volume of Japanese exports, in order to reduce that nation's overwhelming trade surplus, had already become known in Japan. He mentioned the seven percent target in his closing statement but he kept any commitment to it out of the communique. Concerned Americans, presumably including the President, nevertheless welcomed the show of increased German leadership and responsibility on the world economic scene and Fukuda's indications that Japan is moving in the same direction. American chauvinists may see in all this one more sign of decline in US world power and influence. Carter officialdom sees the broadening of German and Japanese influence and the acceptance of more responsibility as perhaps the big success of the Bonn summit, though one that it's hard to dramatize and may be impossible to make politically appealing. It's only 33 years, after all, since Germany and Japan surrendered and ended World War II.

Other summit concerns and events are worth notice. The conference communique gave the skimpiest possible nod to the plan of the European Economic Community, principally pushed by Germany and France, to develop a common "float" of the member countries' currencies against the dollar. Partly because of American suspicions that it may be aimed *at* the dollar, and partly because the EEC members are far from united on how to put the new monetary combination together, its sponsors asked only that the project be noted without hostility and did not ask that it be endorsed. The communique and the leaders' concluding ceremonial statements were loaded with rhetoric to the effect that the industrial powers represented at Bonn must do more than they are doing to help poorer developing countries. Japan was the only individual country that promised to do anything substantial about this. The only joint specific pledge "to help developing countries" was to "intensify our national development assistance programs in the energy field."

So the President and his retinue headed home in three large airplanes (two for people, one for limousines), a-bubble with confidence that Carter would be perceived to have truly done well in Germany and at the summit. The makings of letdown rode with them, though Carter and his staff didn't realize it. At around 7:30 on the evening of Friday, June 14, Bonn time, Press Secretary Jody Powell got a telephone call from Terry Adamson, special assistant to the attorney general and chief spokesman of the Justice Department. Adamson told Powell about two things that might make problems for him and the President: the department had decided not to bring federal charges

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against a Dallas policeman who had been tried, convicted and lightly punished in a Texas state court for killing a 12-year-old Chicano boy; and Dr. Peter Bourne, the President's special assistant for health and drug issues, was in some sort of trouble with Virginia authorities over a prescription that Bourne had written for a powerful and restricted sleep pill. Adamson's recollection is that he told Powell that Bourne had put a fictitious name on the prescription. Powell's recollection is that he didn't find that out until he got back to Washington the following Tuesday. He told Carter's staff chief, Hamilton Jordan—just when, Jordan does not remember—that they might have and should discuss a problem with Bourne and the prescription. Neither Powell, Jordan nor so far as they know anybody else mentioned the matter to the President. He read about it in Wednesday's *Washington Post*. Jordan says that if Carter exploded, as reported, he didn't explode at Jordan. Nothing more need be said here about the episode, which is amply noted elsewhere in this issue, except that the whole business was miserably handled at the White House from the start to the finish with Bourne's resignation and that it wrecked the hopes for an upbeat celebration of Carter's summit performance. At his Thursday press conference, he got one question about the summit.

Note: In last week's account of Carter's pre-summit doings in Germany, I erred inexcusably when I wrote that he promised to visit East Germany with or without an invitation from its government. He promised only to visit East Berlin, which he has a right to do as President of an "occupying power." His meticulous distinction between East Berlin and East Germany was one of several ways in which Carter impressed Germans with his mastery of sensitive detail.

John Osborne

Democrats steal a march.

Prop 13 Bandwagon

"I believe in occupying new ground instead of trying to hold the old ground," is the way Jerry Brown explains his remarkable political minuet of the past six weeks. It's worth reviewing what Brown has actually pulled off. *One:* When it became clear that the tax-cutting Proposition 13 would surely win on June 6, he suspended his oft-stated opposition to it and began a process of circling. *Two:* With Prop 13 actually passed Brown found himself facing a reelection while his popularity was dropping sharply for the first time ever. He was also a man given only a month to cope with a popularly mandated 58 percent cut in property taxes. Not only did Brown make the California Assembly agree to *his* program for implementing Prop 13, but in a go-them-one-better mood he also insisted that the entire state surplus of five billion dollars be returned to the taxpayers rather than the mere two billion favored by the legislators. Consequently the slashing of local budgets and interruptions of crucial public services that Brown—and many other politicians—promised would result if Prop 13 passed will not materialize after all.

With all eyes on California, Brown's trick has political consequences that reach far beyond the borders of that state. First, Jerry Brown has improved remarkably his own chances for reelection, thereby reviving his national aspirations. Not only has Brown's slide in the polls been relieved, but a recent survey of California voters showed that 41 percent now believe that their governor favored Prop 13 and only 31 percent understand that he was actually against it. Putting aside what that suggests about the attention span of the electorate, the whole performance in California also has confirmed the popular suspicion that tax relief *is* possible, if the voters do it themselves. Moreover, the consequences clearly are not dire and indeed they may be minimal: some Californians will do without summer school this year. That knowledge has spawned efforts to get some sort of tax relief on the November ballot in states all across the country.

Because this is an election year otherwise devoid of issues to spur great public attention, Brown's success in coping with Prop 13 may mean trouble for other Democrats. They must find their own way to deal with a popular idea that most of them privately believe to be a meat axe approach to the delicate problem of taxation.

Some variation of Proposition 13 could be on the ballot in about a dozen states, which automatically heightens interest in the issue. Pollsters who take soundings for candidates around the country confirm that support for tax relief jumped significantly with all the attention paid to California. Right now, how a candidate handles that issue could be crucial in the outcome of his or her own election. "It's especially a problem for our candidates," says Michael Barone, vice president of Peter Hart Associates, a firm that polls for Democrats. "It means that we've lost control of the dialogue. The anti-government people are determining what we talk about." New York pollster Dick Dressner, who is surveying voters for candidates in about 15 states this year, says that Proposition 13 has "congealed the angries," that tax relief may be the long-sought common ground that can be occupied by people who are against abortion, *or* against ERA, *or* for capital punishment, but never before have found a single issue they all cared about.

To Democrats, Howard Jarvis, the blunt crusty Californian now stumping for tax relief nationwide, seems to be a goose that laid a golden egg in the nest of the enemy. But Republican campaign consultants have

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cautioned their clients not to get too enthusiastic about tax relief until the dust settles on the California experiment. It's not smart, they figure, to become too closely identified with an issue that really might leave some communities short of police, firemen and funds to keep the schools open. That picture is now coming clear: no summer school.

Republican campaign advisers also are pretty sure that other Democrats will ape Jerry Brown, embracing tax relief as their own issue. Roger Stone is a conservative Republican who is helping out candidates like Strom Thurmond, Jesse Helms and Avi Nelson, a right-winger opposing Senator Ed Brooke in the Massachusetts GOP primary. These are all men of Ronald Reagan's stripe, candidates who might reasonably have expected to use the tax relief issue to their own advantage this year. But Stone believes that no matter how opportunistic it makes them seem, Democrats up for election will all become tax cutters as a way to survive. "In 1970, when they found out crime was an issue, they all pinned on the sheriff's badge. This year, they'll all talk like Howard Jarvis," Stone says.

Well, take the case of David Carley, who is running for governor in Wisconsin as the most liberal candidate in a traditionally liberal state. As the centerpiece of his campaign Carley is pushing a specific set of programs for tax relief. One of his television commercials features a fellow who was selected purposely for his resemblance to Wisconsin Governor Martin Schreiber, Carley's primary opponent. Seated at a desk piled high with money, the Schreiber lookalike is stuffing wads of bills down a hole in the center of the desk, as the voice on the ad says, "Have you ever wondered where your tax money goes in Wisconsin?" The camera pans slowly down under the desk, showing a standard U-shaped drain pipe.

Democrats must be particularly careful about how they merchandise their own tax relief plans. On the one hand there is some kind of tax revolt going on, to be sure. On the other hand, the groups directly imperiled by tax cuts include teachers, public employees and other groups of workers who normally back Democrats.

Some Democratic candidates probably will embrace George Meany's suggestion of a $150 tax credit for everyone, though it calls to mind George McGovern's idea of a $1000 grant for all Americans. Others are suggesting ways for states to return revenue surpluses to their taxpayers right away. David Carley, for example, suggests that all of Wisconsin's surplus $450 million be returned, specifically in property tax relief. The most common Democratic answer to this year's tax revolt may turn out to be the one being advanced by Alex Seith, who started as a long-shot possibility against Charles Percy in Illinois and now shows prospects of closing the gap. Seith proposes indexing federal income tax to the rate of inflation. That way if income increases in "nominal" dollars but not "real" dollars, a taxpayer would not have to pay taxes in a higher bracket. Along with a get-tough policy on the Soviet Union, his support for tax indexing has won Seith some strange bedfellows: the support of the leadership of the Illinois Conservative Union and the backing of a national right-wing bellwether, the columnist M. Stanton Evans.

Michael Barone's firm polls for Seith in Illinois and Barone is advising other Democratic candidates around the country to examine indexing as a responsible way to get aboard this year's tax relief bandwagon.

Ken Bode

The only way to learn is by reading.

TV Can't Educate

On July 20 NBC aired a documentary on life in Marin County, a bedroom community just across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco. The program was called "I Want It All Now" and its single theme was the predominance of narcissism in Marin. The program's host, Edwin Newman, introduced viewers, in his studied casual manner, to a variety of "consciousness raising" groups ensconced in Marin and insinuated that this new narcissistic manner was leading to a breakdown not only of the family (a divorce rate of 75 percent was mentioned three times) but also of traditional civic virtue. The following day the *San Francisco Chronicle* carried a long, front-page article on the outraged reaction of Marin's respectable citizenry to what it considered a grossly distorted portrait of itself. Several residents argued, persuasively, that Marin was in fact a highly political suburb—that it had been a hot spot of the anti-Vietnam war movement, and that only last year it had responded dramatically to the water crisis in California, cutting back on water use much more than was required by law. Television journalism appeared to be up to its old tricks: producers saw what they wanted to see, and they were not about to pass up the chance to show a woman being massaged by two nude men and chirping about how delightful it was to "receive" without having to "give."

I was reminded, however improbably, of an experience in Berlin, where I had spent the previous six months teaching. The Germans are all exercised over a recent movie about Adolf Hitler (*Hitler: Eine Karriere*), which is based on a biography by the journalist Joachim Fest. The charge leveled against the film is that it glorifies Hitler (though it uses nothing but documentary footage; there are no actors), and it has been linked with a supposed resurgence of Nazism in Germany, particularly among the young. I saw only parts of the

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film and therefore can't speak to the justice of the charge. What I wish to report on—and what the Marin program brought to mind—is a lecture I attended by a young German historian from the Free University of Berlin, in which he took issue with the film because it had failed to treat Hitler's relations with the German industrialists, who were crucial in supporting the Nazi Party before it came to power and apparently benefited from its success.

The critics of the Newman program and my young scholar friend in Berlin were guilty of the same error. They both bought the assumption that television and movies can be a source of knowledge, that one can "learn" from them. By knowledge and learning I obviously don't mean an assortment of facts. Rather I have in mind the analytic process that locates pieces of information within a larger context of argument and meaning. Movies and TV are structurally unsuited to that process.

There is no great mystery here. It's a simple matter of time. Learning requires one kind of time, visual media are bound to another. In learning one must be able to freeze the absorption of fact or proposition at any moment in order to make mental comparisons, to test the fact or proposition against known facts and propositions, to measure it against the formal rules of logic and evidence—in short, to carry on a mental debate. Television is a matter of seconds, minutes and hours; it moves inexorably forward, and thus even with the best will in the world (a utopian assumption), it can never teach. In the last analysis there is only one way to learn: by reading. That's how you'll find out about Hitler's relations with the German industrialists, if you can find out about them at all. Such a complex, many-layered phenomenon simply cannot be reduced to a scene (which would presumably meet my scholar-friend's objection) in which Hitler has dinner with Baron Krupp. Similarly, you will not find out about life in Marin County from an hour-long TV program or, for that matter, from a 24-hour-long one. What are the control populations? What statistical methods are being used? Is there more consciousness raising going on in Marin than in Cambridge? What is the correlation between narcissism and income level, educational background, employment, religious affiliation, marital status, sexual inclination and so forth? If these questions have answers, they are to be found in the books and articles of sociologists, not on TV.

I am prepared, indeed eager, to follow my argument to its logical conclusion: the worst thing on TV is educational TV (and not just on educational stations). By comparison the gratuitous violence of most commercial shows is a mere peccadillo. Educational TV corrupts the very notion of education and renders its victims uneducable. I hear grown-ups launching conversations with, "Mike Wallace says that . . ." as if Mike Wallace actually knew something. Viewers hold forth authoritatively about South Africa, or DNA, or black holes, or whatever because they have watched a segment about them on "60 Minutes" or some such program. Complete ignorance really would be preferable, because ignorance at least preserves a mental space that might someday be filled with real knowledge, or some approximation of it.

There is a new form of slumming popular among intellectuals: watching "bad" (i.e. commercial) TV and even writing books about it (as Dan Wakefield has about the afternoon soap opera "All My Children"). I would like to think that the motive behind this development is revulsion against the intellectual pretensions of "good" TV. But, as often happens with academics, the reaction has been dressed up in phony theoretical garb. "All My Children," we're supposed to believe, is the great American novel, heir to the tradition of Dickens and Trollope. Of course it's nothing of the sort. But it *is* very good entertainment. And that is precisely what TV is prepared to do: to entertain, to divert, above all to amuse. It is superbly amusing, ironically, for the same reason that it can't educate: it is tied to the clock, which has enormous comic potential. It is not accidental that one speaks of a comedian's "timing." Jack Benny would not be funny in print. He must wait just the right length of time after the robber threatens, "Your money or your life," before responding. (Imagine the situation in a novel: "The robber said, 'Your money or your life.' Jack took ten seconds trying to make up his mind.") Nor can you do a double-take in print, only on the screen. The brilliant manipulation of time made "The Honeymooners" so funny: Art Carney squandered it while Jackie Gleason, whose clock ran at doubletime, burned. Audrey Meadows stood immobile, producing a magnificently sustained and silent obligato to Gleason's frantic buffo patter.

Television, then, is superbly fit to amuse. And amusement is not to be despised. At the very least it provides an escape from the world and from ourselves. It is pleasurable (by definition, one might say), and it gives us a sense of union with humanity, if only in its foibles. Herbert Marcuse might even contend that it keeps alive the image of an unrepressed existence. Television can provide all this. But it can't educate.

Movies are faced with the same dilemma. The desire to educate accounts, I believe, for the increasingly deliberate pace of movies. It is as if the director were trying to provide room within his time-bound narrative for the kind of reflection associated with analysis. This was brought home to me recently when, during the same week, I saw the movie *Julia* in the theater and *Jezebel* on TV. The latter, made in 1938, portrays the tragedy of a strong-willed southern girl who refuses to conform to the rules of antebellum New Orleans society. The most striking difference between the two movies is their pace. *Jezebel* moves along swiftly (there is probably more dialogue in the first 15 minutes than in

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all of *Julia*), treats its theme with appropriate superficiality and entertains effortlessly. *Julia*, on the other hand, is lugubrious and obviously beyond its depth. It succeeds only with the character of Julia herself, who, like Jezebel, is powerful, beautiful, virtuous and unburdened by intellectual or psychological complexity. By way of contrast, the narrative figure, Lilli, tries vainly to deal with issues that movies can't manage: the difficulty of writing, a relationship with an older man who is at once lover, mentor, and patient-to-be, the tension between literary success and political commitment. All of these are wonderfully captured in Lillian Hellman's memoir, but not even two fine actors like Jane Fonda and Jason Robards can bring such uncinematic matters to life on the screen. The "issue" of the memoir—despite all those meaningful silences—inevitably eluded the movie.

Let us, then, not ask more of movies and TV than they can deliver. In fact, let us discourage them from trying to "educate" us.

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson teaches history at Stanford.

North Sea oil is already producing hot air.

The Great Fritter Debate

London

The next election in Britain "is going to be the most important we have had this century," Dennis Healey, the chancellor of the Exchequer, told a recent union conference. There is definitely going to be another election soon—in October or November. The economy is healthier than it has been for some time, and Prime Minister Callaghan quite sensibly prefers to lead the Labour Party to the polls when things are better (this autumn) than when they are likely to be getting worse again (next spring).

But the election of the century? After all, there have been some pretty important elections this century, such as the one in July 1945 that turned out Churchill. Of course, one cannot expect a politician to stand up and say, "The next election is a rather unimportant one, and the issues are not all that great, and even if the other chaps win, they won't be able to do things all that differently from what we do." That is no way to excite the faithful workers, capture the popular imagination, and hang on to office. But to be fair, Healey offered two specific reasons. For one, he said, Margaret Thatcher, the Conservative Party leader, "has proved her power to dominate her party." This certainly is true, though in the process she has identified herself with a mean-spirited brand of right-wing Toryism. She seems almost eager to provoke the kind of social confrontation that led to the downfall of the last Conservative prime minister, Edward Heath, during the coal strike of 1974. But the dour leadership of the Iron Maiden hardly makes for an election of the century.

Healey proposed another reason, which brings us to the subject of the Great Fritter Debate. The chancellor said, "The next government is going to be the first government that will get the full benefit of North Sea oil. . . . From this year on, and right through the 1980s, any British government is going to have more flexibility in handling its economic policy than British governments have known this century."

That is also true, and no minor thing. While the other industrial nations have remained dependent on imported oil—or become more dependent, like the United States—Britain has been moving in the opposite direction: toward self-sufficiency. In 1969, when a lucky strike was made in the deep waters between Britain and Norway, the UK was totally dependent on foreign oil. Three years ago, oil from the first field began to flow ashore. Today Britain supplies half its own oil. In another two years it will be completely self-sufficient, and even will become a net exporter.

All that oil has produced a struggle between the oil companies, which have mobilized men and technology very successfully, and the Labour government, which does not want the companies to walk off with all the rewards. Despite the government's major share in British Petroleum, it established a purely national oil company, OPEC style, to become "partners" with the private companies. This creature, called British National Oil Corporation, also performs a regulatory role. The companies charge interference and post-facto rule changing. The government replies that all new oil producing countries have set up national oil companies to safeguard their interests. The head of the North Sea subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum, which has rights to some of the richest drilling areas, not long ago sent out a confidential letter to employees declaring that "the unpublicized objective of the Socialists is to put the rest of us out of business." The letter became public, the government vigorously objected, and the executive was withdrawn to Canada. Occidental's chairman, Armand Hammer, showed up to calm matters and protect Occidental's very valuable North Sea share. He diplomatically characterized Tony Benn, the energy minister and a leader of the left wing of the Labour Party, as "a socialist and an idealist, but also a pragmatist." Tact is in order on both sides, because North Sea oil is very good both for the companies and for Britain.

The current production of a million barrels a day has had something of a narcotic effect, helping to induce a mild euphoria in Britain. Other factors have helped to

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create this recent sense of relative well-being. Three years ago, Britain was torn by labor conflict and inflation was pushing up to an annual rate of 25 percent. Former prime minister Harold Wilson announced that the public would have to get used to a real decline in the standard of living, which is what happened. Now inflation has been pushed down to under 10 percent. Strikes have been contained, and a series of wage guidelines (three phases so far) more or less held. The standard of living, measured by real disposable income, has returned to about where it was at its peak in 1974. The cost has been unemployment, which has tripled to almost one and a half million—a level previously thought politically impossible, but made bearable by the welfare system.

Callaghan wants to call an election before the unions put in for really large pay claims. The miners will be angling for 40 percent wage hikes. Callaghan, presenting himself as the amiable but firm and competent village policeman, has a fair chance to come back, especially if Mrs. Thatcher insists on what some have called "doing a Goldwater." In any event, the campaign will only amplify the Great Fritter Debate—as in "we must not fritter away our North Sea oil wealth." What to do with all that North Sea black gold? Tony Benn thinks that the revenues should be kept in a special fund to resuscitate British industry, preferably under public ownership. Callaghan and Healey and the Treasury have not agreed. They think that such a siphoning off of one share of public revenues makes no particular sense, except for cosmetic purposes. This view was embodied in the government's white paper, issued in the spring, on the economic options presented by North Sea oil. It was a classic fritter document: something for everything, from industrial investment to inner city renewal to social services to tax cuts. It was clearly meant as a pre-election manifesto. Pessimists believe either party will find its own method of frittering away the economic potential of North Sea oil. An energy economist said: "If it's a Conservative government, then we will see another 'you never had it so good' period with a great import binge, until we hit a real balance of payments deficit in the early 1990s. If it's Labour, they'll use the revenues to fossilize British industry, to preserve jobs that they feel people should be doing."

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

We will omit issues
on August 12 (next week)
and September 2.

There is much less to fritter away than most Britons think. The North Sea oil does free Britain from the threat to supply that afflicts all other industrial countries. At a time of left-wing coups and wars along the oil routes, that is a major insurance policy. The North Sea also provides an important respite to the balance of payments; the British tendency to import a lot has been a great check on economic expansion throughout this century. But the oil itself can lead to an overvalued currency, which would drive up the import bill again. Or the affluence it produces could encourage people to buy more Toyotas and Sonys.

The public and the politicians have focused on a third benefit of North Sea oil—the pot of gold. This is bound to lead to disappointment. The British government takes a very healthy share of the profits from North Sea drilling in the form of royalties and taxes, but the country is after all not Kuwait, but rather a populous industrial nation. Oil revenues add only a small fraction to total public revenues. Even in the 1980s, when production is going full tilt, the income from the North Sea—perhaps eight billion dollars at 1977 prices—will be only six to eight percent of government revenues. This amount can easily be gobbled up in the bailing out of troubled state enterprises such as British Steel and British Leyland.

The North Sea oil has bought Britain some time and flexibility for addressing its basic problems of industrial decline, but no one is quite sure what are the real reasons for that decline. "Have we at last found why British industry is going so slowly?" trumpeted a full page ad in several English newspapers recently. The reason, the advertiser suggested, was that Britain lagged far behind Japan, the United States and Germany in automated warehouses. The real challenges are more likely those of industrial reconstruction, of eroding class barriers, of trade union reorganization and, yes, even of providing reasonable incentives for entrepreneurial risk takers.

I sat in on a discussion among influential, committed individuals on the left side of the Labour Party. They were debating micro-processors. Was Britain to have its own micro-processor industry or not? If it did, then its very existence would involve the possible creation of new British millionaires. They didn't want any new British millionaires, since they were still trying to figure out ways to get rid of the old inheriting kind. On the other hand, they admitted, without risking millionaires, such an industry was unlikely to get going in the UK, which would mean that Britain would import its micro-processors from the US—thus creating new American millionaires, or adding to the wealth of the existing American millionaires. There was no question in the minds represented: better to prevent the rise of new British millionaires and let the industry remain in America. This is not exactly an atmosphere conducive to industrial reconstruction. The consequence of this environment—of course,

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reinforced by traditional values and class barriers—is that such entrepreneurial energy as there is in Britain goes into ventures like property speculation, a particularly unproductive and often unhealthy activity.

The opportunity offered by North Sea oil is of a sort that industrial democracies seem increasingly incapable of taking. Britain might have been better off, in fact, if the North Sea had been less of an opportunity than it is—that is, if OPEC had not acted to make it so valuable. Edward Dell, the trade secretary, said recently, "If there had been a way of avoiding the oil cartel and the oil price increase, if we had been able to preserve the trend of world trade growth and world economic growth, then our economic prospects would have been better even without the North Sea development." His remarks were sensible and to the point, but hardly to be heard as the run-up to the election makes the Great Fritter Debate grow ever louder.

Daniel Yergin

Daniel Yergin is the author of *Shattered Peace* and coauthor of the forthcoming book, *Coming to Terms: the Energy Crisis as It Really Is.*

Psychiatrists have this feeling they are surrounded by enemies.

It's All in the Mind

by Eliot Marshall

The psychiatric profession has a problem. It knows it has a problem, and that is good. At least it's a beginning. For we can't begin to improve if we do not admit that we have a problem, can we?

What is it? That's a little hard to pin down. Like most people, psychiatry doesn't like to dwell on its bad points. But sometimes the troubles spill over into the public press for everyone to see.

A sign of distress popped up at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Atlanta this past May. Among the hundreds of seminars and papers given at the gala convention, there was something listed as "Session III, Psychiatry in the Public Eye." The "educational objectives" of the function were stated as follows: "Persons attending the session should be able to identify the origin, extent and nature of public criticism of psychiatry and formulate responses to these criticisms." The lead paper in the session was presented by two employees of the high-priced polling firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White. For $50,000 they undertook a pilot study to find out what the public likes and dislikes about psychiatry, and to learn why so many people seem hostile toward it. The report was to have been published in June, but last week a spokesman for the APA would not give it out because, he said, the work was still in the preliminary stage. More polling and analysis must be done. But he did mention that the survey had already found many "positive parameters" to build upon—favorable public attitudes which psychiatrists must learn to emphasize when they speak about the profession to reporters and other outsiders.

In short, the APA has confessed to having an "image problem." This formulation is vague enough to keep everyone's stress factor quite low. The world does not see psychiatry as psychiatry would like to be seen. But no one is to blame. The profession, at least, will mend its ways. If the world persists in misunderstanding, then we will know who's at fault. The "specific strategies" listed for future action were: "a) Efforts to educate APA members to be more effective in the media. b) Plans for a national conference of science writers. c) Plans to provide technical consultation to media writers and producers [e.g., to movie and TV people] and d) Strategies for countering attacks on psychiatry by the anti-psychiatry forces." It reads more like a battle plan than a prescription for self-reform. Terribly defensive.

If psychiatry feels unloved, perhaps it should seek understanding by looking inward. How and when did it become aware that it had a problem? According to APA spokesman Ron McMillen, there is a "general feeling that psychiatry is faced with a quite hostile media." The "single most glaring incident" that crystallized this feeling was an ABC news documentary aired in 1977 called "Madness and Medicine." The program was lurid. It described some of the more drastic therapies used in mental hospitals to treat seriously sick patients, including heavy drug dosing, electroshock treatment and brain surgery. The producer interviewed some radical critics such as psychiatrists Fuller Torrey and Peter Breggin, who say that their profession is rife with

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fraud. Some angry, activist former patients were interviewed too. The message was that psychiatry contents itself with enchaining the psyche in the name of "curing" it.

The show so enraged the APA that it had its lawyers file a brief at the Federal Communications Commission charging ABC with producing a "shocking and damagingly biased one-sided libel of the modern practice of psychiatric medicine in America." The APA thundered that the show set out to do nothing less than "put psychiatry out of business." ABC's lawyers responded with an equally long and impassioned rebuttal, but in the end, ABC made peace by inviting the psychiatrists to send someone to discuss the positive aspects of the profession on "Good Morning America."

Ron McMillen, APA's spokesman, said the documentary last year "really incensed a lot of people" and speeded up the APA's pulse rate. A couple of earlier insults had alarmed the APA, and this one finally persuaded the hesitant members that some remedial action had to be taken immediately. McMillen mentioned that at the annual convention in Miami two years ago some disgruntled former patients hired airplanes to fly over the convention hall towing banners that proclaimed, "Psychiatry Kills." At an earlier convention in San Francisco, the ex-patient groups broke into the meeting and disrupted the proceedings. A lot of negative press coverage ensued. As a result, the APA had decided to launch a positive propaganda campaign, and the first step will be to survey the terrain of public opinion. Early next year, Yankelovich, Skelly and White will begin taking a national poll. The blitz will follow.

This image problem—to indulge the APA's self-diagnosis—can be separated into two parts. One has to do with the harsh therapies used on very sick patients, the subject that ABC exploited in its documentary. The critics quoted by ABC see these techniques as an expression of the coercive nature of the profession, and they want reforms that would end "psychiatric tyranny." This controversy centers on hospitalized patients and on deeply disturbed outpatients who require special attention. It will be examined in a later report.

The other source of trouble is less sensational but more profound. Psychiatry is losing its grip on the non-psychotic world. Its claim to be the true interpreter of all our anxieties, and especially of the predictable sorrows of life, is being challenged strongly. The challenge comes partly from within the ranks. Dr. Thomas Szasz, a psychiatrist, has battered away at the profession's self-image in more than a dozen books over the last 20 years. As a libertarian, he resents the institutional power that psychiatry has gained, something which he compares to the power of an established church. The APA is more alarmed at the moment by the work of a non-psychiatrist, however. Martin Gross has just published a well-documented, stinging critique called *The Psychological Society*. Gross is going the rounds of the talk shows, promoting his book and causing the local psychiatric associations a lot of anguish.

The common theme criticism of this sort is that psychiatry has overstepped its defensible frontiers. It has usurped some of the church's claim to soul care, some of philosophy's claim to expertise in ethics, some of the state's jurisdiction over criminal misconduct, some of the shaman's claim to mystical insight and some of the quack's claim to curative power. Worst of all, Gross suggests, psychiatry has robbed the individual of an important sense of dignity and responsibility in his own actions. It interposes itself between a person's will and his acts—saying, in effect, that only an expert in motivation (a psychiatrist) can judge whether what a person does is good or bad, because hidden motivations are often more important than visible deeds. Having established motivation as the key to a good life, the experts have now defined badness (poor motivation) so broadly that every fourth person is said to be in need of special help to put his life on the right track. Anyone who is unhappy is likely to be poorly motivated, potentially sick and possibly in need of psyche repair. Good deeds are not sufficient. One must also be happy and well motivated.

In this shadowy area between will and deed the psychiatrist sets up his shop. It's an obscure place, full of gossipers and theory builders. When the psychiatrist leaves the lab where electro-chemical processes of the brain are studied and gets into the business of renovating personalities, he must share the marketplace with some very primitive practitioners of soul-care. He must work side-by-side with Catholic priests and masseurs and astrologers. This makes his job unpleasant, because he must make a strenuous effort to explain why the work that he does is science, and prove that it is fundamentally different from the work done by his neighbors.

The psychiatric profession has grown and expanded wildly in the last 40 years. It includes almost any activity that an MD authorizes as a cure for mental anguish. As the schools of psychiatry and psychology have multiplied, the independent schools of self-help have grown along with them. Many helpers have been drawn into the field to work the great harvest, many of them free agents lacking a classical training. One thinks of the amateur groups like Alcoholics Anonymous and Synanon, and of professional social workers. Then there are scores of new therapies offered by traveling Indian mystics, Erhart Sensitivity Trainers, Scientologists, business management game-players, Esalen Institute awareness experts and many other psyche straighteners. People pay well for some of these services, and many of them claim to benefit. Some of the cheaper and simpler ones—like Alcoholics Anonymous—boast some of the best success stories. But in any case, the proliferation of cures has done the psy-

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chiatrists' image no good. The public begins to wonder whether mental therapy has anything in common with medicine.

It is important to the profession that this confusion be put to an end. Psychiatry has proclaimed itself a science, and now it wants to reap the institutional rewards that other forms of medicine have won in the US. If there is to be a national health insurance plan, for example, the APA wants it to be "nondiscriminatory"—by which it means that psychiatric care should get the same lavish subsidy that is given to physical health care. Yet the APA would impose an important limitation: mental therapy is *not* to be subsidized unless it is given under the direct supervision of a psychiatrist or psychologist. No gurus or social workers are to be allowed in on their own. Even if there is no national health plan, the same turf war must be fought over coverage of soul care by private health insurance companies and present government health care systems. Many of them have been persuaded to pay bills for mental health care if the care is provided by a psychiatrist or clinical psychologist. They have not extended their largess to other forms of therapy, but you can be sure that they will be pressed to do so in the future. It could become quite difficult to draw the line between scientific (and therefore legitimate) psychotherapy and unscientific dabbling.

The companies are usually much tighter with mental health benefits than with other benefits. The reason is simple. It is easier to label and measure a dysfunction of the body than an aberration of the psyche—and therefore much easier to control the cost of treating it. Even if psychic problems were exactly labeled and quantified (the APA thinks it has done this in its *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*), it would still be hard to decide whether the treatment in a given case was suitable or not. It is also difficult to budget for mental health care because the demand is potentially unlimited. Psychiatrists have long maintained that at least one in 10 Americans needs their help. Only a fraction of that number have sought it, but in the recent report of the President's Commission on Mental Health the profession upped the ante and suggested that one-quarter of the population ought to be on the couch.

The most generous mental health benefits in the nation have been written into the Blue Cross "high option" plan for federal bureaucrats. It is more generous than Medicare, Medicaid or the General Motors plan for autoworkers. About five million people subscribe to it. This plan represents the psychiatrists' ideal. It also suffers from the problems that any fee-paying program for psychiatrists would have. It pays for mental health care essentially on a par with other medical care. There are a few limitations. Only two hours of therapy per day are covered if given on an outpatient basis. All in-hospital costs are covered. No more than $50,000 may be spent on one patient per year. Marital, family or other counseling services are not covered, nor are the services provided by halfway houses. These broad benefits were adopted in 1967 because the psychiatrists and their patients lobbied the Civil Service and Blue Cross to get them.

In 1974 the plan was extended further to accommodate psychologists. For the last four years they have been allowed to bill Blue Cross directly for their services, rather than filing their claims as in the past through the office of an MD. Following this example, other groups such as psychiatric social workers and mental health counselors have begun to clamor for the privilege of direct access to Blue Cross funds. Blue Cross has denied the petitions until now on the grounds that these specialists are not required to pass a licensing test in all 50 states. Some day they will break through the barrier, and then they will climb aboard the gravy train.

Blue Cross has had some special problems dealing with psychiatrists. According to James Gillman, a vice president of the federal employees' plan, Blue Cross had to negotiate with the American Psychiatric Association in 1974 to write rules to define what it considers a genuine form of mental illness and to describe the limits on the kinds of therapy that might be prescribed. Blue Cross was annoyed, for example, that many patients were being sent to the hospital at great expense to be cured of something that was diagnosed as "adolescent reaction to adulthood," or alternatively, "adolescent reaction to childhood." That was stopped. But Gillman refused to make public the rest of the APA-Blue Cross agreement.

Under Blue Cross's gentle management, mental health claims have increased in the federal plan from about $18 million in 1967 to around $116 million in 1977—a sextupling in a decade. The mental health share of the plan's budget increased from 5.4 percent in 1967 to around eight percent in 1977. The psychiatric lobbies like to say that the size of the mental health slice of the budget has "stabilized," and that there is no danger that psychiatry would bankrupt the system if included in a national health plan. The experience of the federal employees' plan suggests otherwise. There is every reason to believe that the mental health segment will grow and absorb every new form of therapy that can fight its way past the credentials checkpoint.

Precisely because the battle at this credentials gate is political, the psychiatrists must take special pains to bend public opinion in their favor. They were the first ones through this gate, and they intend to keep their position at the head of the line. They also intend to prevent the new therapists from ruining the business for everyone. The task is difficult but clear. The psychiatrists who want to receive an insured income must get the public to believe that all forms of mental therapy are hogwash, except for those forms practiced by psychiatrists, psychologists or their assistants. The task, as they say, is one of image enhancement.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Small Film, Large Hurrah

Girlfriends (Warner Bros.) A handshake, an embrace—from the heart—to Claudia Weill. She's an independent film-maker who, with her colleagues, has faced a very tough job and brought it off. *Girlfriends* is a quiet triumph.

Here are the forbidding matters that Weill chose to confront. Woman Today as subject—in her adjustments to new inner and outer space. A homely Jewish heroine. (Remember *Sheila Levine?)* The SoHo art world in New York as locale. (Remember *An Unmarried Woman?)* It's enough to make one groan in foreknowledge. What well-intended honesty one expects in Weill's film, and what tedium.

No. What we get in *Girlfriends* is the honesty of art, not of intent. There is no tedium, there is realization, involvement. Pleasure. The more I think about this new film, the warmer I feel. Weill walked right up to platitudes—there are more than I have mentioned—and walked right *through* them, to the truth from which the platitudes originally sprang. That took courage: she must have known she was heading toward the well-worn. And it took insight: to justify the courage.

Girlfriends doesn't inform: Weill isn't much interested in showing us "how it is." It doesn't propagandize: Weill has no gospel to spread, she doesn't want to straighten us out. And, most subtle of all, *Girlfriends* doesn't dramatize: it's built on the classic assumption that life, comprehendingly seen, *is* drama to a dramatic artist.

Weill has done some theater directing and has been working in film for over 10 years. She has done film for PBS, codirected (with Joyce Chopra) *Joyce at 34*, codirected (with Shirley MacLaine) *The Other Half of the Sky*, and more. *Girlfriends* is her first feature and is also her first fiction film. (It began as a half-hour project with a grant from the American Film Institute, then grew and gathered further support.) The documentary "feel" is handled with undemonstrative ease. What's surprising, in the circumstances, is her ability with actors. I assume that her theater experience helped, but it doesn't completely explain her quality of success in this regard. An extraordinary gift was waiting for its occasion.

Her chief collaborator was Vicki Polon, who also has worked for PBS. Weill and Polon wrote the original story, then Polon did the screenplay alone. Without Polon's work, Weill's would have been impossible because the dialogue too moves through platitude to truth. The writing is much better than real. (That's so easy. They do it all the time in radio commercials.) As with all good realistic dialogue, Polon's dialogue is only the surface of the true action.

And what is that action? Traversal. The traversal, with humor, of loneliness and rebuff: of new territory that one has claimed for one's self but then must push into, as an explorer must push into the forest after having planted a banner on the shore. We see a prosaic young contemporary explorer, unostentatious, giggling but not quite scared, who insists on not turning back.

Susan Weinblatt is placid and depressible, sensitive and brash, sexy and puritanical, brave and craven (her word is "chickenshit"). She has come to maturity at one of those rare times in history when there is great change but relatively little hope. Her task, we sense beneath the incidents that we see, is to try to make something of the new opportunities that her society is providing just at a time when that society is teleologically dim.

She's a photographer. She lives with her friend Anne, who writes. Susan wants to do serious photography but meanwhile plugs along with pictures of the weddings and bar mitzvahs officiated at by her middle-aged friend Rabbi Gold. Anne leaves to get married and live in the country. Susan, irrationally, feels a bit betrayed; tries a quickie affair with a young artist named Eric, which doesn't help; then wants to try an affair with the rabbi, which doesn't even happen. She slogs along at her work, or attempts to. Anne has a baby, gets restless, tries to write, gets pregnant again. Eric reappears in Susan's life; now things are reciprocal, though ruffled, between them. At last Susan gets half of a two-woman show at a SoHo gallery.

When Anne's husband appears at the opening without her, Susan leaves the party and drives up to the country. Anne is alone, just having had an abortion that her husband doesn't even know about. The film ends with the girlfriends together, knowing that wherever they live they can't be separated, both battered a bit, both stronger, both glad

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. My candidate for the Henry Adams prize. The author of "The Dynamo and the Virgin" would have appreciated it.

F.I.S.T. US labor history treated like the rest of US history—as fodder for movies. Some muscle in its manner and motion.

Go Tell the Spartans. Vietnam in 1964. At last a fiction film that treats the war with at least some truth.

Heaven Can Wait. Warren Beatty, Elaine May, Buck Henry—mod types all—remake *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, and do it pretty well.

Slave of Love. 1917, southern Russia. A movie studio shoots a silly romance as the Revolution approaches. Contrived but colorful.

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of their lives with men but not submerged by them.

There's just enough story to provide motion, without plottiness, without move of confidence.

The confidence is earned, solidly. Unlike many new film-makers here and abroad, even some with real cinematic

Christopher Guest and Melanie Mayron in "Girlfriends"

novelty. This very lack of novelty gives the characters a chance to develop without the distraction of clever twists; Weill and Polon seize that chance to create people unencumbered by plot, fed by the drama of their daily lives.

But certainly the structure has tension. Susan is the center, but we feel that the delicate blonde Wasp Anne fills out her universe, just as the workaday Jewish brunette Susan fills out Anne's: that Susan's independence is a spot of certainty in Anne's mind just as Anne's marriage is a fixity in Susan's mind. The poles for each are herself and the other.

Nothing but praise for the cast. Melanie Mayron, the Susan (she was the hitchhiker in *Harry and Tonto*), is an epitome of the film. At first sight she looks redundant: she seems a stereotype of Plain Girl chosen to show that this independent low-budget film is deliberately renouncing movie slickness. But Mayron is much more than a negative symbol. With her vernacular truths, she opens a plump bespectacled type into a unique and appealing individual.

Anita Skinner, the Anne, has the right skinny blonde petulance and affection. Christopher Guest has brooding-humorous charm as Eric. And if I tell you that Eli Wallach as the rabbi is restrained and appealing, I hope you will believe me. Other well-known people, such as Kathryn Walker and Viveca Lindfors, play small parts. Apparently they all agreed to work with Weill, in what must have been modest arrangements, as a gifts, Weill shows that she understands something about acting—before that, a need to understand it. Mayron, I would guess, has been talked with, sympathetically and well; so have Wallach and the others.

For proof of Weill's sheerly filmic abilities, look at the very first sequence. (Well photographed, as is the whole picture, by Fred Murphy.) The first thing we see is a huge close-up of the sleeping Anne in faint light, the curve of her shoulder like a sand dune. We hear some clicks. Then Anne sits up sleepily, complaining about the camera. Susan has been photographing her as she slept. The short scene is delicately lighted and shot, but more, it's well *chosen:* it establishes the relationship of the two friends, grouchy and interdependent, Susan's profession, some of Susan's character, all with a forward motion and sure handling.

Suzanne Pettit's editing is responsive throughout without getting into the act, but I felt that there were a few moments, a few transitions between major sequences, when there were bumps, possibly because Weill hadn't provided Pettit with enough footage to smooth things out. And there were a few other bumps, like a john sequence, like some moments in Anne's married troubles when memories of other films clouded the screen. But those were the only flaws.

Girlfriends is a small film, and size is relevant to achievement. As they say in

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Comparative Financial Review

Years ended December 31,

	1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$ 1,289,000

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sports, a good big man is better than a good little man. But the film's modest range is almost part of its daring: its small compass is, in a sense, one more platitude that the film-makers have passed through to the truth behind it. I hope there'll be more, much more, from Weill and Polon.

John Canaday on photography

Polluted birthright: Part I

The more I see of 19th-century photography, the more I am convinced that the 20th has robbed the medium of its birthright. This uncomfortable feeling has been triply aggravated within recent weeks—first by a wonderful exhibition of photographs of Imperial China at Asia House, dating back to 1851 and going up to 1912 without symptoms of infection by the kind of pollution that was taking place in photography elsewhere by the turn of the century; second, by two excellent but from my point of view distressing historical texts on the initiation and cultivation of the medium's corruption, which both books call pioneering (the books' titles being *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz: Fifty Pioneers of Modern Photography* by Weston J. Naef, Viking, $30, and *The Valiant Knights of Daguerre: Selected Critical Essays on Photography and Profiles of Photographic* Pioneers, by Sadakichi Hartmann, University of California Press, $25); and finally by a behemoth of an exhibition bringing things up to date, "Mirrors and Windows: American Photography since 1960," at the Museum of Modern Art.

The pollutant I am referring to is the presence of the photographer in the photographs he takes, his intrusion of personal judgments and responses into the only pictorial medium the world has ever seen that can be free from them. This kind of personalism is, of course, at the very heart of the art of painting and makes it the glorious art that it is. But painting can approach only to the border of something that photography alone can achieve, which is total objectivity in a permanent record of transient fact—the lost birthright. Any interpretive or esthetic manipulation of the facts that confront the camera's lens violates this unique objectivity, but we have become so accustomed to the idea that the photographer's job is precisely to manipulate his material that we can hardly conceive of his operating otherwise.

My photographer friends just don't understand what I am trying to say when I point this out. "Nobody tries to imitate painting effects any more," they say, which is true enough. "But every photographer wants to have a style of his own," they go on, which is all too true. To develop a recognizable individual style is to establish a point of view for comment on a photograph's subject matter, and is prerequisite to the recognition of photography as a creative medium. But—I might as well come out with it and get it over with—I am beginning to believe that we made a mistake in the first place when we admitted it to junior membership as a Fine Art about 80 years ago, and that it is now hopelessly corrupted in its full-fledged status. Let me stick my neck the rest of the way out and say that as of this morning, following a visit to Asia House, I find a photograph good to the degree that it fulfills a documentary function, and debased to the degree that this function is sacrificed to arbitrary esthetic or interpretive values.

Diane Arbus, Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams and Berenice Abbott are four of the photographers I most admire. If you could turn them loose with their modern equipment in Imperial China of the 1860s and '70s they would return with God knows what wonderful stuff, four breathtaking visions, each different. It would be Diane Arbus's China, Cartier-Bresson's China, Ansel Adams's China, and Berenice Abbott's China, but I wonder whether there would be a single shot as evocative as some of the straightforward, impersonal images by anonymous commercial photographers

World War II's Covert Scientific Contest Between Britain and Germany...

The Secret War

BRIAN JOHNSON

On November 5, 1939 an unseen messenger left a parcel on the window ledge of the British Consulate in Oslo containing a small electronic device and several pages of German typescript. The device was an early proximity fuse for an anti-aircraft shell, and the typescript set out the scope of German military scientific research. The document was signed, "A German scientist who wishes you well." His identity has never been established.

A story of intrigue and espionage, Johnson's book is an expanded, fully-illustrated version of the six BBC television programs tracing the moves and counter-moves between British and German scientists in the fascinating secret war — bombing beams, radar, the V1 and V2, the Ultra Secret — and many others never disclosed until now.

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"A Mandarin and his Family, Canton, 1861-64" by M. Miller

Courtesy of the Royal Asiatic Society, London

in the Asia House exhibition for whom the transfer of images from daily life onto paper was magic enough without interpretive or stylistic fillips. The catalogue (the first in a series of books on photography planned by Pennwick Publishing Inc.) with its clear, full-size reproductions, comes close to being an acceptable substitute for a visit to the exhibition, but not as close as I had expected. The variety of surface and tint in the originals, the result of the various technical processes involved in early photographs, is as important to these photographs as is the texture of original paintings in contrast with its simulation in reproduction. There is an overwhelming immediacy to these photographs that makes them part of the here-and-now, not the far-away-and-long-ago.

Confronted with a photograph of a Mandarin and his family taken in 1861 in Canton by a commercial journeyman photographer named M. Miller (and chosen for illustration here), I was caught up by a vivid sense of the existence of these people, not in the expectable fly-in-amber way, not as effigies of six people long since dead, but as living human beings. That they are posed rather stiffly in Miller's studio, accompanied by standard props, in no way diminishes this vividness, but rather increases it. These people were exactly like this at exactly that moment, and the moment is extended over more than a century to a time and place and occasion that neither Miller nor his subjects could have imagined, but in which they have become living participants.

Among the brief catalogue comments, Miller is given credit for "a penetrating psychological quality that is distinctly modern"—(always this parasitic opportunism by which we claim the virtues of the past as "distinctly modern")—but I am hard put to believe that the psychological revelation, which is indeed powerful, was sought for in this and the other rather stiffly posed photographs of Chinese by Miller and other photographers who are simply satisfying the demand by which he made his living—the photographic transcription of his sitters' appearance. The sitters themselves have taken care of the "penetrating psychological quality" simply by being themselves. The mother with her fashionably chalk-whitened face and the little girl, properly separated from the males and properly constrained in posture, admit us to no intimate approach. The father, more relaxed, holds his youngest child and son on his lap. The little son on the far right is a slumper, a wiggler. My bets are on the sturdy character between these two, the sturdy little fellow with the straight spine who sits so decisively between his brothers, and who, obviously, is going to be the one who holds the family together and sees that its business prospers as he takes it over.

With its interplay of personalities this is a family portrait worthy of favorable comparison with the greatest psychological family portrait of them all, Degas's *Bellelli Family* (which, by happy coincidence, was painted at just about the same time), but I cannot believe that the photographer was observing more than normal conventions when he

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isolated the males from the females, or that he wanted the little boy on the right to slump and wiggle, that he told the father to assume that tentatively responsive expression, or that he made any effort to reveal the sturdiness of the most promising male heir, even though he might have recognized it. He was only fulfilling the claims he advanced later in a notice in the *China Directory*, that "Mr. M. Miller, late operator and successor to Messrs. Weed & Howard, begs to inform residents and visitors of Hong Kong, that he . . . is now prepared to take photographic pictures of all kinds. Likenesses from miniature to life size, executed at short notice." This photograph is a document in which the interpretive elements are all the more powerful for being inherent rather than sought after and grafted on.

The catalogue-cum-book, "Imperial China: Photographs 1850-1912" (Pennwick Crown; $22.50, $12 paper) has historical texts by Clark Worswick and Jonathan Spence, with a foreword by Harrison Salisbury. I will try to compare it in another article with the two books about "modern pioneers" and the Museum of Modern Art's big show. After closing in New York on August 20th, the Asia House show will be enroute through the American Federation of Arts to Chicago, New Haven, Houston, Denver, and to any other cities where museums have contracted for it.

Books Considered

Primacy or World Order: American Foreign Policy Since the Cold War by Stanley Hoffmann

(McGraw Hill; $12.50)

Stanley Hoffmann's *Primacy or World Order* is a sane book, a complex book, an important book. It deals less with American foreign policy since the cold war—though Hoffmann, Professor of Government and Chairman of Harvard's Center for European Studies, provides an astringent criticism of both the cold war crusade and the Kissinger years—than it does with the international system today. We are demonstrably all in the same boat and, as Hoffmann warns us, if we don't make an effort to learn how to operate it and don't know what direction to go in, we will, at the very least, end up being permanently seasick. Worse yet, we may get shipwrecked and drown. While the author cannot prescribe an exact course, he does provide an excellent chart. Not to study it would be irresponsible. Since the world has grown more complex, however, the chart is correspondingly that much more demanding to read.

To begin with, Hoffmann believes that power politics—the traditional game of nations played out on the strategic-diplomatic chessboard—has lost its relevance in a world of "complex interdependence." The nation-state may still be firmly in place but it can no longer cope with the demands put upon it; there is, however, its place; thus do the dangers of chaos afflict the international system. It would be chimerical to search for order by "a drastic reduction of interdependence." If the balance of power, Kissinger's *modus operandi*, is no longer useful in the management of interdependence, a retreat into autarky—given its grave costs—is no longer possible.

To those who believe that a largely interdependent world leads to a better world, Hoffmann gives cold comfort. Interdependence may be the condition of our time but it has led to a messy world. Since the most visible, though by no means the only, actors are nation-states, the problem of world order still remains "that of creating troubled peace rather than a 'state of war'." But the emergence of major non-state transnational actors, an interdependent world economy and "an international system without central direction" implies "an entirely original tension between the 'objectives' needed for global solutions" and "the uneven splintering of the centers of decision." In short, we are no longer in the realm where there is the domestic order and the international order: they are inextricably intermingled and the rules of the game have been transformed. No longer can the exercise of power be reduced to a zero-sum-game "your loss is my gain" but rather it yields to the "modern" logic that does not deny conflict and competition but "starts out from the awareness of increased conflict and mutual vulnerability." Thus, "if I push too far, your loss risks becoming mine." Indeed, we may all be losers, and the only difference the degree of loss. On the other hand, there is also an incentive for joint gain—but while this says nothing about fairness of the game, "it points to a game different from the traditional one."

In the new game we are caught in a web of Laing-ian paradoxes. For instance, in an interdependent world, "your desire to influence me may force you to help me get stronger." Or, "since you need me, and since my collapse would hurt you, you have to save me." Previously, the definition of national interest implied a choice between independence and dependence. In the new world, with so many games going on, with so many players and so many issues, risks abound. Thus, following Hoffmann's nautical imagery, "the state is adrift on a sea of guesses."

What, then, is to be done if we are to avoid the risk of chaos or anomie? What, in short, should world order be? In Hoffmann's analysis it is both a condition "in which violence and economic disruptions are tamed" and "a set of procedures for the settlement of disputes, the administration of joint programs, the transfer of resources." It is not a plan designed to create a central or universal directorate. And, despite the emphasis on order, it is no blueprint for revolution. Rather it is "a formula for a profound, gradual, yet controlled transformation of world politics, and thereby of domestic politics as well."

We are thus in a place where everything is up for grabs. For the work consists in trying to move "the international realm in the direction of domestic political systems." No easy task. Yet it resembles the effort that is required to build coalitions in domestic politics. States will, it would seem, have to reduce chauvinistic behavior. This will not lead—nor should it—to altruism, but it does require an understanding of priorities, of what is more important in the long run than in the short term. As Hoffmann points out, this is a revolutionary notion if you

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begin to think in terms of sales of "nuclear reactors, or weapons to African, or Middle Eastern, or Latin American clients, of the attraction of financial benefits and the argument, 'if we do not give it, our rival will.'" World order politics also means that state and non-state actors will have to be willing to permit, *in advance*, certain kinds of resources "to decrease insecurity and to contribute to moderation." And, finally, given the increased vulnerabilities that afflict us in a world where states can no longer insulate themselves against outrageous fortunes, "each actor ought to take internal measures to reduce his vulnerabilities and to reinforce areas of genuine autonomy."

For the United States, the requirement to learn new rules of the international game is inescapable. Otherwise, the dream of world order can fast become a nightmare. Hoffmann sets forth a lengthy list of prescriptions, some of which are already being followed or at least discussed by the Carter administration. Yet he cautions us that while the United States should develop a policy of world order, it cannot be an American blueprint. This would lead back to that lure for primacy which led the United States into the dangerous overextension of its powers during the cold war and the attempt to play power politics in the Nixon-Kissinger era. Not primacy but "moderation plus" is the shorthand Hoffmann feels we need, and this, in turn, calls for "modesty plus." Surely if there is one thing one would hope America has learned as a result of her tragic involvement in Vietnam it is the limitation of power. The conclusion to be drawn from this experience is not to retreat into isolationism or to attempt to manipulate other nations but rather to understand the nature of bargaining. More than the Soviet Union, more than its major allies, the United States, by virtue of its enormous power, plays in virtually every game—with consequent drawbacks as well as advantages.

As a result, the need for a skillful, effective US foreign policy is greater than ever. To implement a policy for world order means that the American people cannot turn for solutions to the simplicities of an overall consensus, such as an anti-communist consensus that prevailed during the cold war. Nor can we expect the continuing *tour de force* of the Kissinger era, which masked the fact that no broad foreign policy consensus had been resurrected. Finally, moralism can at best add a necessary dimension to US policy; it cannot provide an overriding theme. Still, as Stanley Hoffmann insists, "it should not be beyond intellectual resources of American leaders to explain what the main trends and dangers in the world are; why the challenges faced by the United States are more subtle, more numerous and less concentrated than before; why military safety, economic predictability, and psychological security require a world order yardstick; and why certain policies might bring us closer to that goal."

Should the leadership fail to provide the underpinnings for a coherent though complex foreign policy, the alternatives are not pretty. One might be a return to a Hobbesian world of competition for power—"us versus them." Another, and more likely one, in Hoffmann's view, would be "muddling through." Can we afford this? In the precarious future expediency is no substitute for concepts. Like it or not, ours may prove to be a disorderly, even anarchic, world. Stanley Hoffmann's book is an invaluable guide to survival.

James Chace

James Chace is managing editor of *Foreign Affairs* and author of *A World Elsewhere: The New American Foreign Policy* (Scribner's).

The British Experience 1945-75
by Peter Calvocoressi

(Pantheon; $8.95)

When last year Britain celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II, there was one subject on which a tactful silence was maintained throughout. No one expected—as they had certainly done at the time of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887—the record of national progress during Her Majesty's reign to be spelt out.

It so happens that I have in my home in London a commemorative plate struck at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 giving details of the nation's strength toward the end of the Victorian era. The population of the British Empire is given as 305,347,924; its land area as 9,101,699 square miles; and the Queen-Empress is pictured surrounded by her faithful peoples (even a fuzzy-wuzzy or two) drawn from the far-flung corners of the globe. Yet perhaps the real proof of British self-confidence at that time lies in the financial details given at the plate's bottom: "Imports, £390,018,569," it says; "Exports, £295,967,583." In other words, "the Empire on which the sun never sets" did not even allow itself to bother its head about such mundane matters as a visible trade gap of nearly £100m.

Today, however, with its empire gone, Britain has to do just that; and it is because of its failure in the direction of paying its own way in the world that no one last year felt inclined to inquire just what the 25 years of Queen Elizabeth II's reign had meant in terms of national prosperity. With uncommon delicacy

THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD RESTS WITH THE FUTURE OF CHINA

THE FUTURE OF CHINA

AFTER MAO • by Ross Terrill

The future of China is the most important unknown factor in the political world today. To explore that future, Ross Terrill, well-known China authority and author of *800,000,000: The Real China*, focuses on the many critical questions that have arisen with the emergence of Hua Kuo-feng, a leader still little known to the West.

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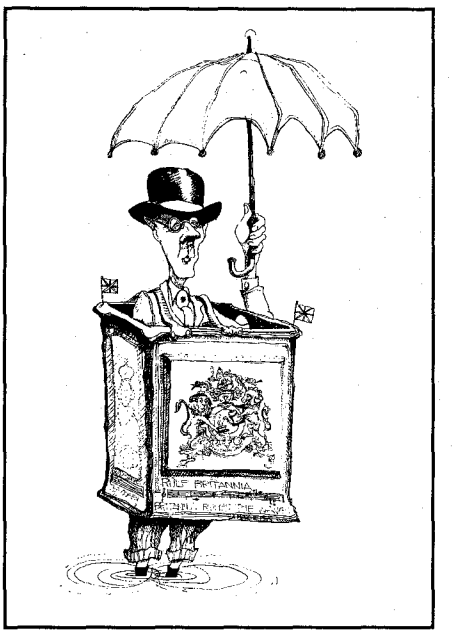
Mr. Peter Calvocoressi has waited until Jubilee Year is safely over to present us with the grisly details of Britain's decline, not simply in the 25 years since the Queen came to the throne but in the full 30 years since she stood with her father on the balcony of Buckingham Palace on the last real high day for British pride—V.E. day on May 8, 1945.

It is hard to think of a historical parallel for a national decline quite so precipitate and relentless. In 1945 Britain remained an imperial power—in hock perhaps to the United States—but still able to convince the rest of the world of her prescriptive right to be a member of "the Big Three," whether at Potsdam in 1945 or a year earlier at Yalta. In Europe there was no question of Greece or Turkey coming under the *American* sphere of influence: they were expressly ceded by Stalin, at Churchill's insistence, to *British* hegemony. The old lion might look a bit battle-weary and exhausted but was certainly in no mood to surrender traditional command over at least its own part of the forest.

Soon, however, Britain's step began to falter. Mr. Calvocoressi is right, I'm sure, to see Harry Truman's abrupt cut-off of Lend-Lease as the first uncovenanted blow—leading directly to the humiliation of the Anglo-American Loan Agreement of December 1945 under terms considered so crippling at the time that among the 23 Labour backbench MPs who voted against it was even the present British Prime Minister, James Callaghan. For a period, however, the voice was there, if not the muscle: Churchill's speeches at Fulton and Zurich were designed to register the fact that Britain still counted for something—though no one was quite sure what. Truman was perhaps the first person to find out. The dramatic message that Britain could no longer sustain the burden of upholding the "freedom" of Greece and Turkey was the beginning of a long trail that was eventually to lead to the abdication from the Persian Gulf (in 1969) and the evacuation from Singapore (in 1971). Over this whole protracted process Mr. Calvocoressi makes what seems to me a particularly shrewd comment:

> *There is no such thing as a world power grade two. This error, venial but costly, delayed for a generation the British withdrawal from distant theatres, the abnegation of the role of international financier and adjustment to the realities of what was, within limits, still a powerful position.*

Nothing, in fact, is more melancholy in Britain's whole record over the past 30 years than her invariable practice of never taking major economic and strategic decisions with proper deliberation and foresight but always waiting until they were, in effect, imposed upon her, leaving her no options.



Drawing by La Mouche

On the British role both in the world and Europe Mr. Calvocoressi is perceptive and persuasive; he is, though, a good deal less compelling when he comes to Britain's domestic experience. Partly, admittedly, it is a question of approach. There is nothing inherently wrong with his lucid descriptions of the various pieces of legislation that combined to create "the Welfare State"—indeed, I have seldom read a clearer account of, for example, the battle with the doctors that preceded the establishment of the National Health Service (still, incidentally, something that no political party in Britain would ever dream of dismantling). Yet his emphasis throughout on the struts and girders of legislation cannot help seeming somehow more appropriate to an official British Information Services pamphlet than to a book presumably designed to contribute as much to political theory as to constitutional mechanics.

I also had better confess to having one major quarrel with Mr. Calvocoressi. "The one thing," he somewhat loftily remarks at one stage, "that Britain emphatically is not is an oligarchy." Oh dear, as my old friend and mentor, Richard Crossman, might have said; anyone who swallows that will swallow anything. For Crossman's argument always was that an oligarchy is precisely what Britain is: not because of its politicians—but simply because of the way it continues to recruit its civil servants.

As the Crossman *Diaries* have demonstrated, they are the people in Britain who really run the show—if only because, while politicians may come and go, they go on forever (recruited to their Brahmin caste at the age of 21 and retiring only at the age of 60). And they still, even after all the pleas of various government committees and royal commissions, come predominantly from the same social and professional class that years ago used to provide the supervisory manpower for the running of the empire. Cautious, conventional, splendidly educated Oxbridge graduates—the only difference today is that, whereas they once struggled to maintain the status quo in India or Africa, they now do the same in Britain.

To believe, as Mr. Calvocoressi apparently does (since he does not even mention the most illustrious of them by name), that you can give an account of Britain's economic history over the past 30 years without bringing in their essentially orthodox, non-innovative influence strikes me as being rather like trying to present a fiscal history of the Kennedy/Johnson years without in any way noting the influence of Mr. Wilbur Mills. For the inhibiting writ of a powerful civil servant in the Treasury in Britain is certainly no less strong than that of a determined congressional chairman. If Britain has often looked "fossilized" over the past 30 years, then it is at least partly because senior civil servants have far too often succeeded in bridling the reforming, radical instincts of politicians in both parties.

To be fair, there is one tiny passage in which Mr. Calvocoressi betrays some awareness of this sort of criticism. Describing civil servants as "exceptionally intelligent, hard-working and honest men and women" (not adjectives, incidentally, with which I would necessarily disagree), he goes on to concede that in the past the civil service "has been confined to certain kinds of task." Should they, then, with their classics degrees from Oxbridge and their working academic knowledge of ancient philosophy, be let loose, for example, in the days of the "mixed economy" on supervising British industry? Why not, says Mr. Calvocoressi, basing his case on the somewhat curious ground that in the past "the government's success in attracting the best people for the jobs then on hand augurs well for its ability to attract in future the best people for whatever kind of service it may require."

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I had not, however, noticed that the rest of Mr. Calvocoressi's narrative was a tale of triumph: I had rather thought it was one of tragedy, and in many ways an unnecessary one, too. Surely the only men who sat continuously and uninterruptedly in the seats of power in Britain over the past 30 years must bear some responsibility for that?

Anthony Howard

Anthony Howard is working on an abridged edition of the Crossman *Diaries*.

History of the Westward Movement by Frederick Merk

(Knopf; $20)

During his 36 years as a member of the Harvard history department Frederick Merk annually taught an unforgettable course on "The History of the Westward Movement." His students affectionately dubbed it "Wagon Wheels" but in many ways the nickname was quite misleading. Merk did not mesmerize them with accounts of western shootouts, but with superbly organized lectures about the national past in which he used maps by the score. The obvious theme of the course was man's conquest, occupation, use and abuse of the lands of the continental United States. The more fundamental theme was that of defining the national purpose. And while the fur traders and the Oregon pioneers received their due, more often than not Washington and federal policy and not the frontier were the focus of the lectures.

Much of the form and substance of those finely honed lectures are to be found in his *History of the Westward Movement*, a whopping 64 chapter volume illustrated with 115 graphs and charts. Merk spent some 40 years writing this book and was in the midst of reading galleys when he died at the age of 90 in September 1977. But any reader who expects a textbook rehash of the Harvard course, or a reiteration of the frontier hypothesis of Frederick Jackson Turner (Merk's beloved mentor and predecessor at Harvard) is in for a series of surprises. While Turner rhapsodized about the frontier as the source of both the American character and our democratic institutions, Merk has documented the darker side. "Free land is not responsible for our democracy," he observes, "but for our democratic crises," a point that Arthur Schlesinger Jr. liked to make in his *Age of Jackson*.

Merk's treatment of the years from Jamestown to Jackson is full of blunt statements about how it really was. He refers to backward and primitive Indians, the "reactionary" government of Virginia, ambitious New England town proprietors who "became an upper class by working hand in glove with the Congregational clergy," and of Harvard Yard being fronted on the east side by cowpens in the early days. Of the Appalachian frontier Merk comments that "in matters of land the Scotch-Irish were pests," and the Watauga Association, much touted as an example of democratic government on the frontier, was "actually a conspiracy to resist the law authorities and an agreement to fight horse thieves."

Whereas Turner stressed the frontier experience, Merk has emphasized land policy, and he uses the process by which land was occupied and developed as a paradigm for the whole of American experience. For him soil texture is a key to politics and society as well as production, and although he would deny the charge, there is a quality of geographical determinism here that social historians will find hard to accept. The villains of the piece are, as one might expect, speculators who develop the land for money alone, settlers who use it stupidly, lax government policies, and killers of game. Merk tracks the descendants of these villains down to the present, even to pursuing the problem of killing wild horses for commercial pet food.

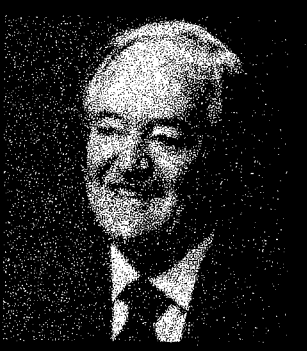
Merk is equally concerned with providing an accurate history of the diplomacy of American expansion. Here,

Hubert Humphrey

Sheldon D. Engelmayer & Robert J. Wagman

The Man and His Dream 1911-1978

Introduction by Senator Muriel Humphrey



In this, the first book on "The Happy Warrior" since his death early this year, two award-winning Washington journalists have constructed a warm and perceptive overview of the life and career of America's most beloved politician. Between the chronologically arranged speeches from the time he was mayor of Minneapolis to the time of his death are woven a series of connective bridges which point up the unflagging consistency and innovative quality of Humphrey's thirty years in Washington. (Did you know he "invented" the Peace Corps and Medicare?) The authors get to the heart of the man through his own words, and in the process, they have discovered a politician unlike any other in the United States.

Epilogue by Vice President Walter F. Mondale
Eulogy by President Jimmy Carter

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as was the case in his book, *Manifest Destiny and Mission in American History* (1963), there is a right way and a wrong way to acquire lands. Much of what he has to say is not exactly news since Merk's writings on the Oregon question have long been hailed as classical models of good scholarship. His treatment of the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War here, on the other hand, is one of the most devastating assaults on the integrity and purpose of the Tyler and Polk administrations in a generation. Besides the two Democratic presidents, John C. Calhoun and Duff Green come in for a sound drubbing. Even taking Merk's biases into account what emerges is the history of two administrations engaged in a 19th-century equivalent of Watergate activities to bring off the annexation of Texas. Without ever treating the abolitionist movement—or for that matter confronting the moral wrong of slavery—Merk posits as one basis for the Civil War a cynical, ruthless White House mafia in which Polk, Calhoun and Green play major roles.

Unlike Turner, Merk does not see the westward movement as ending in 1890. After that date it simply took on new forms and went in new directions as industrialization demanded new resources or forced new systems of production on the nation. The last third of Merk's book is devoted to the development of new techniques for new levels of exploitation, whether that technique be dry farming for the Great Plains or the flotation process for extracting copper from the low grade ores of the western states. Each of these affects land use and forces populations to move. This approach frees him to treat new mining areas after 1900, oil bearing regions, migratory labor patterns (down to the present), Indian policy, and the planned development of the major river systems of the country.

In effect the most exciting frontier for Merk is that of the 20th century, when the failures of the past—the excesses of rugged individualism—come home to create the crises of agricultural glut, eroded lands, the dust bowl and flooding. Merk's treatment may carry echoes of Carey McWilliams's *Ill Fares the Land*, or John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, but it is set in a larger perspective and the discussion runs right up to 1975. Both layman and student will be amazed to see how nimbly Merk threads his way through the jungle maze of laws dealing with agriculture, water and conservation since 1933.

In the end Merk casts his lot with the planners and more particularly with those active in the New Deal years. For him the turning point in the history of both the frontier and the land came in the 1930s. "In a sense the frontier persisted to the date of the Taylor Grazing Act (1934). In a sense it still persists as the third of the national domain held by the federal government in the Far West and in Alaska, and in a further domain under the sea." Clearly he is so excited by the promise of TVA and the Missouri, Arkansas, Colorado and Columbia river projects that he closes with more optimism about the future than most of us dare exhibit.

Obviously the *History of the Westward Movement* is not a perfect book. Gaps and biases abound. There is a distaste for southern ways and southern politicians from Calhoun onward that borders on contempt. One searches in vain for a real understanding of American cultural or religious history, or for a sensitivity to the effects of modernization and urbanization. Yet somehow Merk, with his old-fashioned belief in progress, the land as a paradigm, and the necessity to plan, seems very modern. Without using the emotionalism of the Sierra Club or the jargon of the ecologist his discussions of mistaken land policies are fully as damning. He has, in fact, been able to escape the mystique about the frontier and the West and instead has spelled out the national purpose through the history of free land. *The History of the Westward Movement* is more than the last hurrah of an elderly scholar. It is an important history of the United States as well as a tract for our times.

Howard R. Lamar

Howard R. Lamar is the author of *The Trader on the American Frontier* (Texas A & M Press).

The Widening Gulf: Asian Nationalism and American Policy by Selig S. Harrison

(The Free Press; $15.95)

It was nearly 20 years ago that Selig Harrison wrote in *The New Republic* his remarkable series of articles on the blundering and neglect of the Eisenhower-Dulles policy toward South Asia. Those reports were, and still are, extraordinary journalism. With unfashionable skepticism, insight, and plain hard digging at the record, Harrison told the story of Washington's heedless patronage of the manly Pakistani colonels, of the political bigotry toward the less likable civilian politicians in New Delhi, of the now petulant, now bluff diplomacy of American congressmen, generals and bureaucrats sadly unequipped to administer their country's vast power and pretense.

Harrison's was strong stuff for the 1950s, and much ahead of his time. Along with related articles and a thoughtful book about the splintered tribal realities of the subcontinent (*India: The Most Dangerous Decades*, 1960), his writing helped educate at least a small audience to the hazards and frequent futility of trying to make post-colonial Asia an American buffer zone. It turned out, of course, that the audience was far too small. By the early 1960s we hadn't seen anything yet. Ahead lay two more US-armed wars between India and Pakistan, some handy anticommunist genocide in Indonesia with discreet CIA encouragement of the ethnic hatreds, American aid and comfort for the murderous repression of East Bengal, Washington's sponsorship of tawdry little dictatorships from Seoul to Manila to Dacca, Nixon's historic flight to Peking and then Carter's near squandering of the legacy, and those ultimate gravemarkers of our savage defeat at the hands of Asian nationalism—Khe Sanh, My Lai, Parrot's Beak, Hue, Saigon, Phnom Penh.

Now Harrison has set out to analyze much of that larger history, and in a sense to carry through the thread begun with his seminal reporting a generation earlier. That alone makes *The Widening*

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Gulf an important book, an event in the sociology of our knowledge about dealing with the rest of the world. And read against the author's first lonely ground-breaking on the subject, its rich text and ample notes testify to how far we have come in seriousness and sophistication about Asia. Yet even this book, for all its promising pedigree, falls short of what we should know—what Harrison and his many admiring reviewers should *want* to know—after all the folly and heartbreak and blood that have gone into our education.

Not since Rupert Emerson (another journalist-scholar) wrote *From Empire to Nation* in 1960 has anyone dealt so well as Harrison with the cultural, racial and psychological dimensions of nationalism. His opening chapters may be worth the price alone for an understanding of how ancient forces of race and region shaped modern nationalism, and how the unforgetting, unforgiving politics of culture stand to drive East and West only farther apart. It would have saved a good many lives, Asian and American, had the first insight penetrated the Pentagon two decades ago; it may save even more people and treasure if the managers of multinational corporations now grasp the second. Harrison has some chillingly clinical passages on the Chinese concept of *pao*—of the enduring necessity of retribution, however long postponed—that ought to be bedtime reading for both the Joint Chiefs and the ITT Board, not to mention every reporter and government official west of San Francisco.

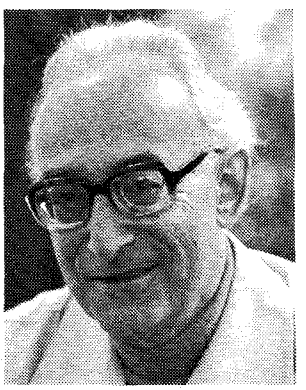
Through major sections on India, Indonesia, Korea, Japan and Vietnam, the places Harrison knew most as a journalist in Asia, mainly and most lately for *The Washington Post*, he is also at his best in writing about the intramural politics of the region. There is a valuable primer country-to-country on the uncertain, often aborted dialectic of Asian Communism. He traces the tangled Asian reaction to the war in Vietnam, the mixture of indifference, fear and hidden sense of racial vindication against which US policy flailed for so long, and which Washington still seems to see only dimly. His pages on Japan and "The Lessons of North China"—the contortions of both Liberals and Conservatives in Japan over Vietnam— are probably one of the most revealing accounts ever done on the role of historical memory in Japanese politics, and an essential clue to what lies ahead in the shifting rectangular diplomacy that continues to exist between Tokyo, Peking, Washington and Moscow.

It is next to these streaks of brilliance that the overall weight of the book is so disappointing. Vigilant academics will find little slips here and there. Harrison owed us much more on two of Asia's most perplexing nationalisms for the US: China, where the stakes are nuclear holocaust, and the Philippines, whose past is part of our own and whose corrupt communal politics may embroil us more deeply, and more dangerously, than any other Asian nation's in the next few years. There is also far too little on how nationalism has been corrupted and counterfeited from within, the depths of the exploitation of Asia by Asians, the bureaucratic and mercantile tyrannies that make Max Weber and Karl Marx as pertinent as Gandhi and Mao.

What flaws the book most, however, is that it fails to produce on half of its subtitle—the part about American policy. We have been practicing for some time now our own homegrown version of *pao*, our own revenge on ourselves in Asia. It is called the US government. There, in spite of a growing national wealth of intellect and experience with regard to Asia, we traditionally entrust our Asian affairs to an interchangeable collection of bureaucrats, dilettantes and political spoilsmen for whom the whole business is much too serious. Our embassy viceroys in the area have usually ranged from cast-off politicians to Coca-Cola presidents. Our expert troubleshooters have progressed from General Patrick Hurley through Spiro Agnew to Walter Mondale. Our bureaucrats, meanwhile, cultivate their own cultural politics, replete with sectional feuds, the special corruption of vested programs and budgets, the sustaining force of status and public myth. The blunders of American policy grew out of that culture as surely as Asian nationalism emerged from its regional and racial particularism. Of *that* side of the great encounter, of that decisive factor in what he sees clearly enough as past disaster and future trouble, Harrison gives little.

The omission is hardly academic. Think for a moment of the men at the top of Jimmy Carter's Asian policy—Vance, Brown, Brzezinski and their common ignorance of the region. Think too of the next echelon, of Leonard Woodcock in Peking and Mike Mansfield in Tokyo, schooled for their demanding missions by the gentlemanly abdication of the UAW and the US Senate, or of Richard Holbrooke, the assistant secretary of state for East Asia, a former Foreign Service officer distinguished (and placed in the position) mainly by his self-promotion in the establishment and then the Carter camp. And below the bureaucrats endure, as the negotiations with Vietnam flounder, as US-Chinese relations are at their lowest point since Kissinger flew over the Himalayas, as military sales and aid continue unchanged or sometimes even increased to repressive, vulnerable regimes in the Philippines, Thailand, Indonesia, Korea and elsewhere. Our Asian policy always has been, and remains, largely a matter of on-the-job training, often with tragic consequences. Until we understand and remedy that self-inflicted disability in Asia, books like this one are very nearly wasted.

Still, Harrison's achievement—and his career—deserve notice. Now exiled to a foundation, most of this book having been written under sponsorship of institutions like the East-West Center in Hawaii and Brookings in Washington, he is in a sense a casualty of the chronic anti-intellectualism that has crippled our public dialogue and policy toward Asia. One way or another, the region has been a great burial and promotion ground for American journalists. Some,



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like Abe Rosenthal of *The New York Times*, go on from bland reporting to editorial office, and their view of Asia bends the slant of a powerful newspaper. Others, like Harrison or David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan of the *Times*, or Edgar Snow, find themselves writing books and hoping for readers. It is the same sort of sad, reverse Darwinism that leaves official policy to those less able to conduct it.

Measured so against his peers and corporate superiors, Harrison is a writer of rare depth and thoughtfulness, an intellectual in a profession, like government, where intellect is suspect, if possessed at all, in the endless climb. However blemished his book, we should be grateful to have it. After all, as the Asians learned about us long ago, we Americans are a somewhat inscrutable people.

Roger Morris

Mehmed the Conqueror and His Time by Franz Babinger

(Princeton University Press; $30)

The Ottoman sultans ruled for more than half a millennium over the last and in many ways the greatest of the Islamic empires. They conquered and governed a large part of Europe and for a while seemed to endanger the survival of the rest. The threat which they posed and later the opportunity which they offered were for long major themes among the concerns and preoccupations of European politics.

It is the more remarkable that European scholarship should on the whole have devoted so little attention to them. Of the many sultans who ruled in Constantinople only one, Mehmed II, the conqueror of that city, has been honored with a full-length biography by a European scholar based on the original Turkish and other sources. This was written by the late Professor Franz Babinger and published in Munich in 1953, just 500 years after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks. Though both the author and the publisher at the time disavowed any prior intention of bringing out the book in the anniversary year, the accident was a fortunate one for both of them. The book received a great deal of attention and was translated into several languages, not however including English. Now at last an English version has been published by the Princeton University Press, translated by Ralph Manheim and edited by William C. Hickman.

It is a remarkable achievement. It is not often that one can say that a translation is better than the original; it is surely so in this case. Babinger's German work suffered from three major defects. The first of these was its presentation. His narrative was of the "little did he realize" and "Fate had decreed otherwise" school; his style was a dreary procession of stock phrases and elegant variations. Venice alternated from the first page with "the Lagoon City," "the Island Republic" and "The Free State." People did not die, but "passed into eternity." Not their bodies, but their "mortal remains" were transported to the tomb, where they were not buried but "consigned to their last resting place." Generals were not defeated or killed in battle, but were "overtaken by Destiny"—a word which is of some significance to historians and should not be thus lightly bandied about.

These defects have to a very large extent been removed by the translator. Babinger's pomposity has been discreetly deflated, and his style weeded and pruned. The result is not beautiful—that would have been too much to expect—but it is at least workmanlike and inoffensive.

The second defect was technical.

Mehmed II (1480) The Granger Collection

Babinger's original German edition was entirely without references or notes. The author intended to publish all of these in a subsequent second volume which however he did not live to complete. The lack of documentation was the more disturbing in view of the many conjectures which Babinger put forward with some such phrase as "kann als ausgemacht gelten" or "darf als sicher gelten." The translator and editor have improved the text in a number of ways. They have added bibliographical references to Babinger's numerous earlier works, especially to the series of preliminary studies, published in various journals, which preceded the publication of this book. They have also added references to other and particularly more recent scholarly work by Turkish as well as Western scholars, and have made many corrections in the text to take account of subsequent research. While this—as the editor remarks—does not amount to a critical documentation of the volume it greatly facilitates the task of the critical reader.

If the editor and translator have largely remedied the first defect and substantially alleviated the second, there was little they could do about the third. From the title and sub-title, from the manner of presentation and publication, and even from some words in the German preface, tactfully omitted in the English version, it was clear that Babinger was aiming his book not merely at specialists in Ottoman history

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but a wider reading public, and was challenging comparison with such major works of German scholarship as Kantorowicz's biography of Frederick II and Karl Brandi's biography of Charles V. By comparison with these it is clear that Babinger's treatment if not his subject falls somewhat short. At the surface level of events Babinger is thorough and indeed exhaustive, and gives a detailed picture of politics and war in the eastern Mediterranean lands in the mid-15th century. He possessed knowledge and skills which are still exceedingly rare and was thus able to make use of sources of information which were and will probably remain inaccessible to most readers and even most historians. But there are few attempts to descend to the deeper levels of the historic process, still less to interpret them. Despite the recent growth of interest, Ottoman history remains a neglected discipline. Mehmed the Conqueror still awaits a true historical biographer: Süleyman the Magnificent and the other Ottoman sultans still await even their Babinger.

Bernard Lewis

Bernard Lewis, a professor of Near Eastern studies at Princeton, is the author of *History: Remembered, Recovered, Invented* (Princeton).

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Washington Diarist

Bourne Again

When an employee of the US government phones a journalist with an anonymous offer to provide the names, dates, monetary amounts and all the other facts needed to write a story, you understand that you're being invited to help grind someone's axe. You know also that the fellow on the phone has no interest in coming out the villain of the piece. And that there's liable to be another side to the story. My one-shot secret source last March had a story he was anxious to get out quickly. Traces of a deadly herbicide, paraquat, were turning up in samples of marijuana confiscated by drug enforcement officials along the Mexican border. The paraquat—a defoliant similar to those used in Vietnam—was being sprayed on illegal fields by the Mexican government, but the funds, equipment, technical advisers and impetus for the operations were all supplied by the US government. Now that the poison was making its way back over the border and potentially into the lungs of America's estimated 15 million pot smokers, my source argued that the government had an obligation to publicize the hazard and, more important, to terminate the program immediately. Thus it was that Peter Bourne and I had a couple of chats about marijuana.

Bourne, a likable fellow with a reputation for being straightforward with the press, was not the original source. He was the fellow being outfitted with a black hat. Oddly, Bourne seemed to like the fit. The spraying program is entirely a Mexican operation, said Bourne, and we don't even sell them the paraquat. He added that he wasn't at all sure there was a health hazard. Furthermore, he asked, what responsibility does the federal government have to protect people who are breaking the law? Then Bourne said, and not sanctimoniously, "We have no obligation to make illegal substances safe. If there's a risk, the guy always has the option not to smoke the grass to begin with." That position put Bourne seriously at odds not only with those who lobby in Washington for more progressive drug laws, but also with professionals who deal with drug enforcement and drug abuse in hospitals and psychiatric treatment centers around the country, as well as many of his colleagues in the Carter White House. But Bourne stuck to his guns. The week before his fictitious Quaalude prescription became public, he was found lobbying senators against Senator Charles Percy's amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act to eliminate $13.5 million scheduled to go to Mexico next year for more paraquat operations.

Over the last four months, the president's adviser on drug abuse has watched his relations with what is termed the "soft drug community" deteriorate steadily. When Bourne took up his duties in the White House, these people believed that as a psychiatrist and a man with long experience in drug treatment, he might fashion a drug policy that looked beyond tougher enforcement. Working for a president whose children had experimented with marijuana, Bourne might add a measure of compassion, and surely a recognition that people who use a drug like marijuana are not enemies of the state. Instead, Peter Bourne became the front man for paraquat. So when Bourne found himself face-to-face with a flood of inquiries about his alleged use of marijuana and cocaine at a party given by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) last December, he found no defenders among that community of people who believe most strongly that the use of such drugs is essentially a private matter. In a way, Peter Bourne is the first verified victim of paraquat.

Ben Wattenberg was once a speechwriter for Lyndon Johnson and is now the host of a television series called "The Real America" which presents the revisionist view of the past decade. Wattenberg calls himself an "old liberal" and sees the Democratic Party as divided between his own kind and a "new politics" faction, of which he considers me a card-carrying member. Nevertheless, Wattenberg is always ready to do good for the Republic, so he got me together for lunch with the man he most admires in the current administration, Robert Strauss, the special representative for trade negotiations and Jimmy Carter's chief adviser on inflation. To be sure, there were about 40 others in the boardroom of the American Enterprise Institute, divided about evenly between people who would prefer another Democrat over Carter in 1980 (mostly Moynihan) and those who will vote Republican no matter who the Democrats nominate. Bob Strauss is a hot property in Washington right now, and he knows it. He also knows why. In an essentially apolitical administration that has acquired an image of incompetence, Strauss stands out as a man possessed of political horse sense and a fellow who can get things done. Strauss was invited to talk about trade, inflation (two areas he claims to know very little about) and domestic politics, which he did with relish.

"As the political strategist in the administration," Strauss was asked, "how do you intend to get Jimmy Carter renominated in 1980?" Strauss made the appropriate demurrers about not being the political strategist in the administration, but then went on to comment a bit on Jimmy Carter's past and future. Here is an approximation of what he said: "As someone who was not from Washington, President Carter had a lot more to learn than I realized. He was in a learning posture for his entire first year, and he had a *terrible* first year. Most people think he took on too many issues; I think it's more that he took on the wrong issues, issues like the Panama Canal which did him damage even while he won it. The president doesn't like being down in the polls, but he's not really worried about it. To recover, he's going to have to pick two or three or four issues that he's prepared to stand or fall on, define them as *his* terrain, then stand or fall on them. He's going to have to prostitute his time a little pretty soon—not his principles, but his time—and start dealing with politics. . . . It's going to be hard to turn things around unless he gets an energy and a tax bill that look something like the ones he sent to Congress. When a president is down in the polls, it becomes easier for anyone who wants to take a shot at him. But the main difficulty over in the Congress right now is creating a consensus *for* anything; it's much easier to get a consensus against. . . . Breaks run in streaks and Carter hasn't had one break. I've got a little voodoo in me and sometimes no matter how dumb I act, I get the breaks and things turn out OK. Jimmy Carter has not had one pop fly fall in for a hit. He's due for a few breaks." Bob Strauss has been around Washington for about a decade and I've watched him rather closely in those years. Never before have I witnessed Strauss in a mood so subdued that he was content to hope that somebody on his team got lucky enough to have a blooper fall in for a Texas league single.

K.B.

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They're young and attractive—just the kind of people you'd expect to find working for an airline in sunny, Southern California.

Allan Fails, every bit a contemporary Californian, suntanned, casually dressed, a small string of puka shells around his neck.

Audrey Ryan, young, stylishly attractive, with a contagious smile.

Howard Ellis, the kind of clean-cut guy you bump into every day of your life, in airports, elevators, department stores.

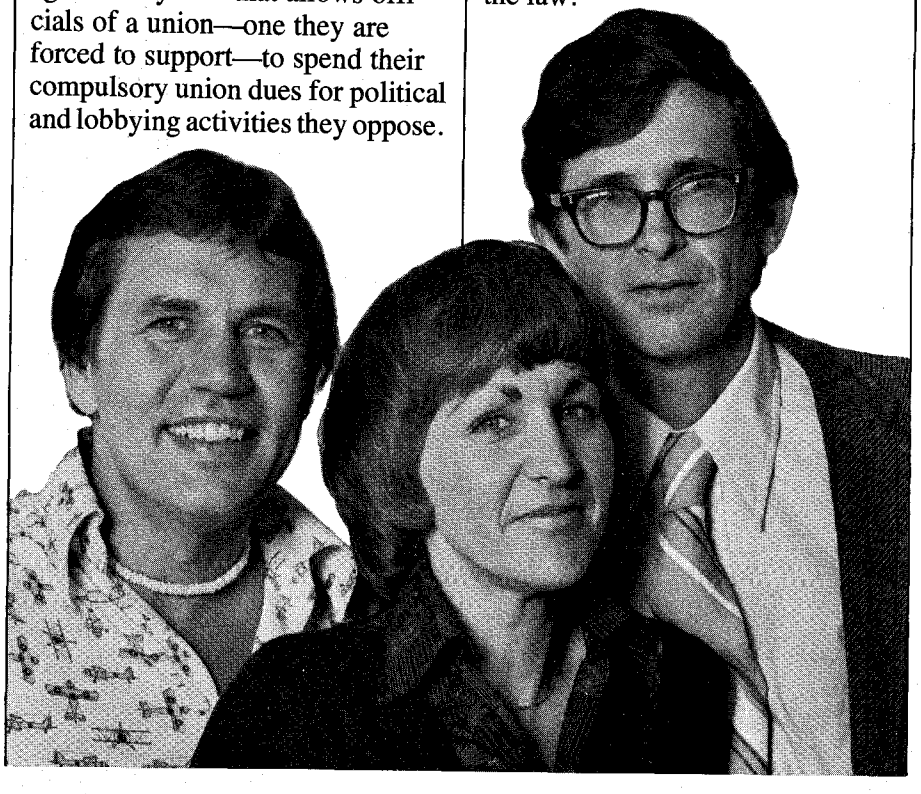
Ordinary in some ways, but also very special people. Special because Ellis, Fails, Ryan and a handful of courageous co-workers at Western Airlines have rebelled against a system that allows officials of a union—one they are forced to support—to spend their compulsory union dues for political and lobbying activities they oppose.

All the workers set out to do was to get the union to stop and return their money which was supposedly their right under the union's constitution.

But, union officials ignored their pleas. The next step, the only one available to them, was the courts.

So, the workers filed suit in 1973, protesting the use of their compulsory "agency shop" fees for purposes not connected with legitimate collective bargaining. They argued that the expenditures deprived them of their rights under the National Railway Labor Act and the First, Fifth, and Ninth Amendments.

It took three years for a ruling. But in 1976 a federal district court judge found the union had violated the law.



The court also ruled that the Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks, AFL-CIO, had violated its legal obligation to fairly represent the workers by ignoring their repeated protests against the misuse of their money, and by refusing to return the money unlawfully being taken from the workers.

The union, of course, has appealed, and says it intends to carry its fight all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.

Ellis, Fails and their co-defendants would like to get the matter over with. But they are ready to go all the way—because they know they're right, and because they know they can count on the full backing of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which has been at their side from the beginning.

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For more information on how you can help American workers like Allan Fails, Audrey Ryan and Howard Ellis, write:

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